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PORTRAIT OF THE ENTREPRENEUR AS A YOUNG MAN • A SECOND LOOK AT SELMA, 1965

PLUS: JACK MOUNTAIN, SHORT STORIES, POETRY, AND MORE



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JAN COOPER

Associate Editor
RODNEY ALLEN

Art Director
RANDY NOWELL

Advisor
KAYE LOVVORN
(editor, *The Auburn Alumnews*)

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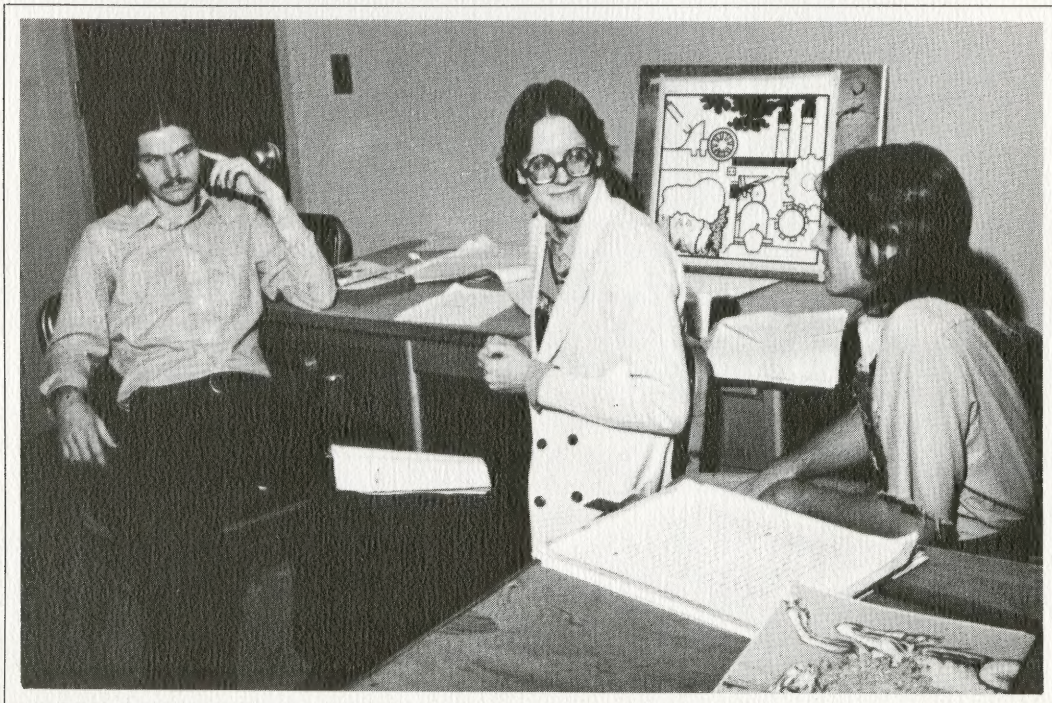
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THE INNER CIRCLE

My predecessor, Thom Botsford, set quite a standard for this column—"conservatively hip, respectably cool," as his favorite Duke Ellington quote goes. T-Bot is an impossible act to follow: I won't even try. Just let me point out a few changes we've recently made in our never-ending search for the perfect magazine.

The first change you've probably noticed is the different type-face. Weary proofreaders last year suggested we change to the more legible kind of lettering we've used in this issue. Anything for your comfort, dear readers.

We've used some unusual sources for articles in this issue. Who would have imagined that a master's thesis could be as thrilling as Richard Snow's account of the 1960's civil rights movement in Selma? Evelyn Elwell must have set some kind of world record by reviewing a whole list of best-sellers at once, and so entertainingly. Some folks might say that Katie Frazier Jones has no business using the *Circle* as a soap box, but most of us on the staff feel that her story is a living, breathing, and, in places, beautifully poignant personal expression that deserves a hearing in our sheltered university community.

Speaking of controversy, may I also point out the new *Letters* section which is capably launched in this issue by Dr. Robert V. Andelson, a man of rare epistolary eloquence. We are anxious to receive any comments and criticisms, and we will print as many as space permits. Of course, we can accept only signed correspondence, although we will withhold names if requested to do so.

One change we've made in the staff structure of the *Circle* this year is the welcomed addition of an associate editor, Rodney Allen. Of course, we're lucky to once again have the talented expertise of Randy Nowell, our art director this year. Annette Norris and David Cummings have joined the staff as student members of the Editorial Board; Annette promises to keep us

literarily proper, while David is providing a scientific perspective long needed. With the inestimable help of Kaye Lovvorn, Thom Botsford, who completes the student board, has kept this shaky, grossly inexperienced editor from giving up many times during the past months. The continuing efforts of our faculty members—Mr. Roden, Dr. Andelson, and Dr. Ward—also were indispensable.

While passing out the gratitude, I want to mention Pam Spencer, the Gloria Steinem of the Auburn sports scene, for her invaluable typing. Billy Leonard contributed not only an amusing short story, but also several hours of tedious proofreading. Additional thanks go to Dean Foy and the Board of Student Communications for being very understanding and encouraging.

The change of which we're most proud is our new Union Building office, obtained with the help of Mr. Lowell Ledbetter and Mr. Tommy Lamberth, who also salvaged some used furniture to fill the place. Soon more items necessary to our administrative survival will be purchased with the contributions of the Concessions Board. The main point is that at long last we have a place where people can reach us. The room number is 311; the telephone number is 826-4122. We promise to try to be there from 2 to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday, but if you miss us the first time you come, don't be discouraged. Either resolve to return, or leave a message for us in our box at the Union Information desk on the second floor. We really enjoy hearing from people.

Which brings me to the biggest change I hope to see in the *Circle* this year, a change that has yet to occur because it depends on you, the readers. I hope that this magazine will grow to be a significant and enjoyable part of all our lives together in this place, a way for some of us to express our ideas and feelings, a way for others to exhibit their creativity in visual art, a way that we can learn about each other and ourselves. If you have an idea or piece of work you'd like to show us, come on in and we'll talk about it. We look forward to seeing you. —Jan

LETTERS

Editor, *The Auburn Circle*:

My most heroic efforts have not enabled me to discover a scintilla of literary or any other merit in the mawkish vaporings which appear elsewhere in these pages under the title, "Nobody Seems to Hear or Care." The only insight which the self-pitying author seems to have gained from her experience in jail is that jail is not the most pleasant place in which to be. Big deal!

One need only consider such otherwise mostly unrelated names as Bunyan, Dostoevsky, Wilde and Bonhoeffer to realize that some outstanding literature has been produced in prison. My colleagues on the *Circle's* editorial board, however, appear to be under the impression that *anything* produced in prison is of publishable quality.

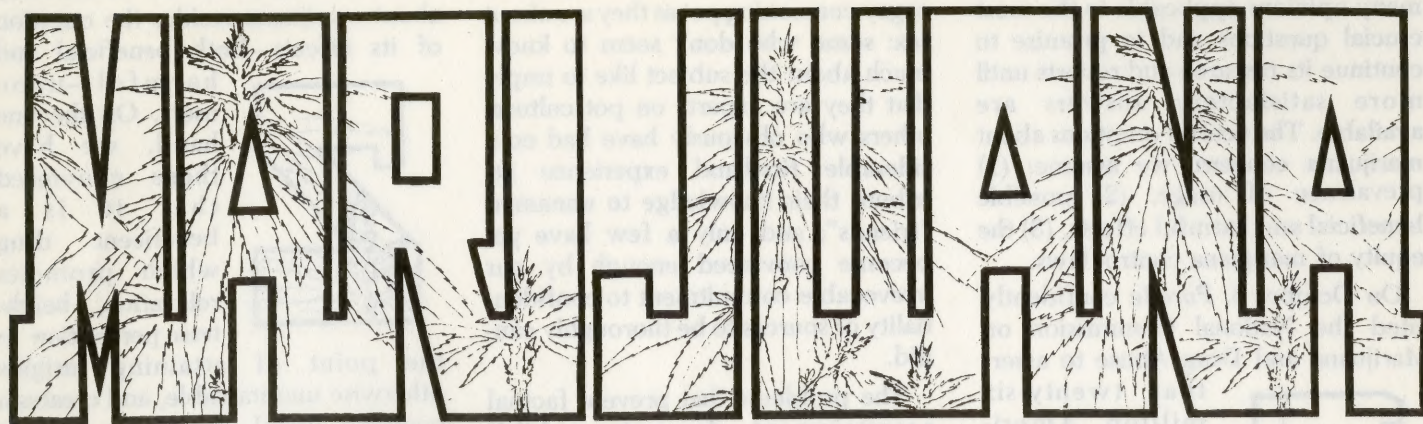
Robert V. Andelson

A NOTE ON STYLE

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflect the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

The Auburn Circle is a community publication financed through Student Activity Fees. The views expressed throughout this issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications) or those of the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff. Address all correspondence to *The Auburn Circle*; 311 Union Building, Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama, 36830.

The *Circle* staff thanks the following individuals of the English Department for their assistance in evaluating and proofreading copy: James Allen, Bert Hitchcock, Pat Keller, Ray LaFontaine, Oxford Stroud.



—NOBLE WEED OR NOXIOUS HERB?—

BY JERRY RODEN, JR.

American history for the past decade or so is replete with major issues and problems—the Vietnam conflict, inflation, energy utilization, equal rights, consumer protection, and environmental preservation, for example—that we the people and our officials, elected and appointed, have fumbled repeatedly. On every major issue that has faced us, contradictory voices have arisen to confuse us with competing authoritative statements and hordes of banner-waving followers. Sometimes it seems that we consider the right to disagree vehemently, confront the opposition, and win the battle of the headlines and the polls much more important than human rights, common sense, or equitable solutions.

Not least among those major issues before us is that of the illicit use of potent drugs. Several months ago the *Circle* staff pinpointed the drug issue, especially as it relates to marijuana, as the most crucial and divisive question then current on the Auburn campus. Consequently, the *Circle* assigned several people to conduct research and then to prepare a comprehensive article on the subject for our fall edition. Our goal from the beginning was to avoid the excesses of partisanship and to get at the truth about illicit drug usage and its effects in Auburn, Lee County, and elsewhere.

Now, after untold hours of library research and poking and probing around Auburn and about Lee County, we seem in one respect farther from our goal than we were at the outset: we do not have a single definitive answer about illicit drug use here or elsewhere, and we see none in immediate prospect. We offer no

EDITOR'S NOTE: A concentrated study of marijuana usage and related drug issues is—as Mr. Roden indicates in the accompanying article—a *Circle*, not an individual, project. We have chosen Mr. Roden to head that project for four reasons: (1) He is willing to work on it. (2) He is a tolerant total abstinent as far as marijuana is concerned—he maintains that his perfectly legal sotweed addiction is a drug vice more than adequate for one man. (3) He is enough past thirty-one to render him somewhat objective. (4) And most important, he has a total commitment to confidentiality of sources: he refuses to provide even me any clues about where, when, and with whom he “pokes and probes” for firsthand information.

My own commitment to confidentiality on this delicate issue is also irrevocable. Most Lee Countians have played ostrich too long about illicit drug use. Both Mr. Roden and I will appreciate assistance from any source that will help us get the facts out in the open—*Jan Cooper*.

apology for that ignorance, for our research clearly suggests one fact: *no one else has any definitive answers.*

America seems to have handled the illicit drug problem as clumsily and ineptly as possible. For decades drug traffic and addiction festered virtually unnoticed in ghettos, mill villages, and other societal outposts. Then with a boost from Timothy Leary, hippie culture, and rock festivals a few years ago, illicit drug sales and usage sprang to national prominence, and everybody became interested or concerned.

Leary's LSD shortcut to mysticism and eternal verities proved illusory and dangerous enough to curb acid addiction short of a national epidemic. And somewhere along the line, marijuana—an ancient drug that seemed relatively benign—took precedence over all others among the young as a popular form of discovery, communion, or escape. With marijuana as a “national problem,” we had a Presidential Commission which went one way and a President who went another on the central question of harmful effects and appropriate regulatory measures. That sad example typified most of our responses until recently, when some solid objective research got underway in a number of areas, but such research is still too new and limited to provide conclusive results.

With the present state of general ignorance, the best that the *Circle* can do

is to provide some of the few facts and many opinions applicable to the most crucial questions and to promise to continue its research and reports until more satisfactory answers are available. The central questions about marijuana concern, we assume: (1) prevalence of usage, (2) possible beneficial and harmful effects, (3) the equity of marijuana control laws.

On October 6, *Parade* confidently cited the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse to assert



that twenty-six million Americans—sixteen percent of the adult population—have sampled marijuana and that another thirteen million Americans—eight percent of the adult population—use it regularly. Such figures from an ostensibly authoritative source are impressive enough to make us all pause and consider. However, for a number of reasons, the *Circle* believes it wise to employ such figures with some caution.

Our efforts to arrive at some sort of educated guess about marijuana usage among Auburn students and Lee County residents illustrates the necessity for caution. First of all, no statistics without careful reference to age groups are of much value. Lee County Sheriff James Pearson uses the ages thirteen through thirty-one to define the group to which he refers when he offers approximations. All other people we have interviewed accept the ages thirteen and thirty-one as reasonable brackets for the group in which the most concentrated usage occurs. But some interviewees insist that the use of marijuana among those above thirty-one is prevalent enough to be significant and is expanding rapidly, and one interviewee—who affirms that he began using marijuana at eleven—asserts that a significant and growing number of under-thirteen users exist in Lee County.

Second, myths, taboos, and legal implications render suspect any figures derived from sampling the population. Our efforts along this line reveal that

people are about as ambiguously cagey concerning pot as they are about sex: some who don't seem to know much about the subject like to imply that they are experts on pot culture; others who obviously have had considerable firsthand experience attribute their knowledge to unnamed "friends"; and only a few have yet become convinced enough by our irrevocable commitment to confidentiality of sources to be thoroughly candid.

The problems that prevent factual ascertainment do not prohibit educated guesses that have some value. Sheriff Pearson's "guess" that at least sixty to seventy percent of those from thirteen to thirty-one in Lee County have tried marijuana seems to be a reasonable one. Our own little unscientific sample of college people eighteen to thirty turned up eighty percent who have tried it, of which only ten percent had tried it but once. The bulk of personal opinions on the subject support Sheriff Pearson's guess as a reasonable, perhaps slightly conservative, one.

The facts and opinions currently available do not provide a sound basis for an educated guess about the number of "regular users" among any age group in Lee County. As a matter of fact, we have not yet arrived at a satisfactory definition of *regular user*.

Our research has confirmed one suspicion that we had at the outset: All of the stereotyped profiles of the typical marijuana user are misleading. Among those who partake are long-hairs and short-hairs, intellectuals and party boys, faithful choir girls and frenetic floozies, fraternity men and radical individualists, steady workers and erratic performers, superb athletes and obese sack addicts. Furthermore, use of "the noble weed" is not primarily a collegiate practice: Sheriff Pearson's evidence leads him to conclude that there is no significant difference between the percentage of collegiate and non-collegiate users in the same age bracket, and our poking and probing to this point support his conclusion. Middle America may not have gone to pot, but pot has become a middle class pastime or addiction.

At the center of all controversy about marijuana resides the question of its effects—both beneficial and harmful—upon users. On the one hand, we have those convinced that it is a beneficent drug which promotes relaxation, heightens perception to



the point of attaining insights otherwise unobtainable, and creates a common bond among users that transcends racial and cultural barriers. One interviewee, who has used marijuana for ten years—with no observable adverse effects—says: "It eliminates racial barriers. I have smoked it with black, white, yellow, and red people, and in the process have gone past racial and cultural differences down to the root joys of our common humanity." Another affirms that marijuana has provided him new and deeper perceptions about music, literature, art, psychology, philosophy, and the nature of eternity. At one point, he asserted: "I would continue smoking pot if I knew that it would kill me." (He was "stoned") but eloquently coherent at the time.)

On the other hand, we have those convinced that marijuana begets mental and physical deterioration, sexual license, radicalism, genetic damage, indifference, sloth, and addiction to even more malignant drugs. They foresee from the advent of marijuana the downfall of our nation; the triumph of Communism, Fascism, or the Mafia; or the coming of the Last Judgment.

Unfortunately, some evidence of sorts exists to support both extremes. Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene in *A Child's Garden of Grass: the Official Handbook for Marijuana Users* devote eight wittily detailed chapters primarily to pleasures and benefits from the use of marijuana. They grant one chapter to discuss "The Dangers of Grass," and we quote herewith *the entire contents* of that chapter—"The dangers of using grass are: 1) Getting busted." Margolis and Clorfene sound convincing, but so did a tough and

compassionate Harlem drug worker who maintained on national television a couple of years ago that "one joint" may cause a psychotic break in an emotionally unstable person, and so do some other concerned lawmen who see a definite link between marijuana and hard-drug addiction.

Between the extremes, of course, lies a spectrum of varying opinions with which most *Circle* readers are familiar and which need not detain us. But we turned up one about which we had not heard that deserves mention: There is, apparently, a substantial body of people who have tried marijuana rather extensively, who testify to the heightened perceptivity resulting from its use, who are glad they tried it, but who have quit using it because they dislike—perhaps even distrust—marijuana-influenced perceptions. Without exception to this point, we have found that such people consider marijuana at the worst no more harmful than alcohol, believe that it should be legalized, and assert they they may again take a few drags from time to time to avoid social awkwardness with close friends. But they will not seek opportunities because they basically just dislike the effects.

Moving from the realm of general opinion—informed and uninformed—to that of serious inquiry and objective research, we find the focus narrowing sharply. Most of the presumably beneficial effects of marijuana are largely subjective and hence, we presume, not readily subject to controlled testing. At any rate, our library research has not yet turned up any record of such tests. However, two experiments have suggested the possibility of beneficial effects: (1) That the THC in marijuana may have some cancer-inhibiting effect—However, the report that we saw on that was not yet conclusive. (2) That marijuana may improve the driving performance of a limited number of drivers—However, the decline of driving performance for the vast majority of people involved in this experiment was significant enough for those who conducted it to conclude: "Driving under the influence of marijuana should be avoided as much as should driving under the influence of

alcohol." (Harry Klonoff, "Marijuana and Driving in Real-Life Situations," *Science*, October 25, 1974.)

Recent research has suggested the possibility of several harmful effects that may be summarized thus: (1) Usage by a pre-adolescent could cause a disturbance of puberty or hormone balance. (2) Usage by a pregnant woman could inhibit the sexual development of a male fetus. (3) Usage may result in an unproductiveness syndrome. (4) Chronic usage may impair thymus-derived cell immunity. (5) Usage probably impairs the driving effectiveness of most people. (6) Long-term heavy usage may result in significant mental deterioration and disorder. (7) Usage may play some role in the development and spread of multi-drug use by stimulating a desire for more exciting experiences and by lowering resistance to experimentation. On the surface, this constitutes a frightening list of possibilities.

However, one needs to temper an inclination to panic at such a list of possibilities with the realization that none of the research is yet conclusive and that the exact extent of *possible* damages has not been clearly suggested, much less demonstrated. Ann Mountcastle, a pre-med student primarily responsible for our library research, summed up her reaction at the end of her work thus: "Smoking marijuana appears to be more harmful than I had previously thought, but it does not seem any more dangerous than drinking alcohol." My personal inclination at the moment is to agree with Ann and to add that much more intensive and extensive research is urgently needed.

The most divisive question about marijuana is that concerning the equity of laws enacted to discourage its use.



some perspective.

The *Circle* can add nothing new on the subject, but we can't dodge it either. Thus we are left with the option of summarizing the facts in such a way that we provide

An enlightened society presumably enacts laws primarily to deter rather than simply to punish. As deterrents, marijuana laws in the United States represent a monumental failure. The use of marijuana has mushroomed, and despite a nation-wide tendency to lower the penalties and to relax enforcement against possession for personal use, arrests for marijuana violations have sky-rocketed: In Lee County drug cases reaching circuit court have leaped from 16 in 1968 to approximately 325 last year—and the majority of those cases involved marijuana. The FBI reports that nationally more than 400,000 people were arrested on marijuana charges in 1973 for a numerical increase of more than 100,000 and a percentage jump of 43 over the previous year.

A practical society presumably enacts laws for which enforcement costs are commensurate with the protection received. Everyone should be aware that strict enforcement of all existing marijuana laws would bankrupt national and local governments: Sheriff Pearson estimates that a search of every person 13-31 passing Toomer's Corner would result in discovery of 35 illegal drug possessions for each 50 people—and the primary drug would be marijuana. *Parade* concludes that jailing all regular users in the nation for one year would cost more than \$79 billion. Thus, intelligent law enforcement leaders tend to ignore illegal possession and go after the pushers, but even in that process some inequity occurs because some mere users get caught in the net spread for pushers, and once caught they have to pay the penalty which the law demands.

An equitable society presumably enacts laws that provide consistent punishment for a particular offense. Maximum fines for possession of marijuana vary from \$10 in some locations to \$1000 and/or a twelve-month prison term in other locations in the U.S.A.

Further, we assume, an equitable society enacts laws that provide equality of punishment for different but comparable offenses. Time and adequate research may prove marijuana to be either more or less

dangerous than alcohol. But at the moment no objective evidence that we know of suggests and few responsible people contend that marijuana is more dangerous. Current laws, it would seem, should rest upon current knowledge. In Alabama, people can possess, consume, and sell alcohol legally with proper inspection and restrictions. Possession, consumption, and sale of marijuana are invariably illegal.

Of course, one can possess and sell alcohol illegally in the state. The maximum

penalty for illegal sale of alcohol is \$500 and/or six months in prison. The maximum penalty for sale of marijuana is \$25,000 and/or fifteen years in prison. The maximum penalty for illegal possession of alcohol is \$500 and/or six months in prison. The maximum penalty for possession of marijuana is \$1,000 and/or twelve months in prison.

In conclusion, we wish to emphasize that the *Circle* does not presume to know whether a comparison of marijuana and alcohol is at all valid. Hence,

we are not endorsing legalization of marijuana upon the same basis as that of alcohol. But we do feel that this comparison which people consistently make provides food for thought and action—at least until the time when objective research has provided some reasonable answer to the question of whether marijuana is a noble weed, a noxious herb, or something in between.



Photography: Jimmy Johnson

FICTION BY BILLY LEONARD

Well sir, the other night 'bout dark I decided I'd best go down by the crick and see how Bessie and her new calf was doin', so I grabbed up my walkin' stick, whistled ole Duke out from under the porch, and started on down towards the bottom. Well, we hunted from the trench silo all the way down to the ole oak tree, and there wasn't a sign of a cow anywheres. By that time my mouth had done got dry, and I figured since I was so close to the beer joint I'd just go on up and get me a cool one.

When I got there, the place was really jumpin'. Checker games was goin' on all around, the pinball machine was a-flashin' away, and Merle Haggard was singin' loud an' clear from the juke box. Well sir, to make a long story short, Cletus Johnson and Johnny Parker was there with their paychecks from that construction job they hired on to, and they kept buyin' round after round. I figured since Cletus owed me ten dollars which I'd probably never get back, and since Edna and the kids was at the all-night prayer meetin' at the Baptist Church, I'd just as well stay and have a few free beers whilst ole Cletus could afford to pay.

Them few beers began to take effect 'long 'bout eight-thirty, and by ten o'clock I knowed that I had better git home whilst I could still get there on my own. So I got Joe Malone to help me whistle for ole Duke, and then I started back across the bottom towards home. I stumbled along at a pretty good pace fer a ways, singin' "Okie from Muscogee" at the top of my lungs. I reckon that must of been too much fer me, though, 'cause by the time I got half way home I was plum tuckered out. So I set down on a stump at the edge of a clearing to catch my breath, and ole Duke trotted on up ahead a ways. Well, I reckon I must of dropped off to sleep, because the next thing I knowed, I was wakin' up to the biggest commotion you ever heard in all your life.

Hoverin' up above was this big white thing with red and green lights around the sides, and down below was ole Duke barkin' his head off and runnin' 'round and 'round in circles. The

thing got lower and lower, and right quick I could tell it was gonna land right there in the field. I reckon ole Duke could tell, too, because he finally gave one big yelp and took off towards home with his tail betwixt his legs. I knowed I was in no condition to run, so I just squatted down behind the stump and watched.

The thing set down on three skinny legs it put out, and after it got settled, most of the lights turned off. Before long a door opened in a place where I hadn't even seen no door, and three funny-looking little fellers came out and crawled down a ladder to the ground. At first they walked around the clearing real careful-like, shining a big spotlight all around as they went. When it seemed they was satisfied that nobody was around, they started jabberin' up a storm at one another, then they split up and started lookin' around some more, pickin' grass and

leaves and things as they went and puttin' 'em in little sacks.

Well sir, before I knowed it, one of the little critters had done walked right up to my stump and was trying to scrape a piece of bark off it. I didn't know nothin' else to do, so I hunkered down a little lower and kept as still as I could. He must not of seen me, 'cause lickety-split he jumped right up on top of the stump and started lookin' around. Well sir, that's when it happened. I don't know what possessed me to do it then; I reckon I just couldn't hold it no longer. The excitement had made all that beer just start churnin' around inside me, and I couldn't help it. So right after he jumped on the stump, I let out the biggest belch you ever heard in all your life.

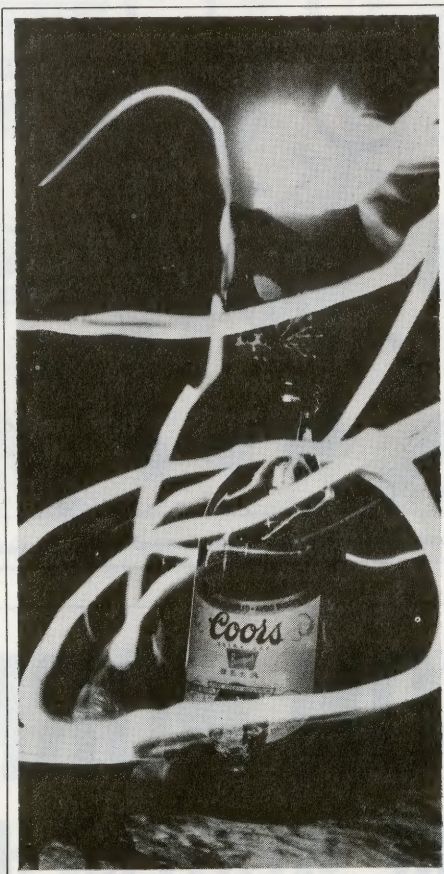
Well, the little feller on the stump jumped 'bout three feet in the air and came down runnin' fer the big white thing, whilst I took off in the opposite direction. In about two seconds I heard the door slam, and the lights started flashin' again as the thing rose up out of the clearing and took off out of sight.

When I got home, it was about four o'clock in the mornin', and Edna was settin' in the parlor waitin' fer me. I told her 'bout the little men and the big white thing, but she just looked at me right mean and hustled me off to bed without sayin' nothin'. The next day I woke up with the gosh-awfullest hangover a body ever had. When I mentioned the little men again, Edna said I was full of foolishness, and she reckoned that such nightmares was the Lord's just punishment fer my gettin' drunk and missin' prayer meetin' agin. But when I kept tellin' her that the little men was as real as the nose on her face and not no nightmare, she began to get worried; she checked my forehead for a fever with one hand and grabbed up the telephone to call Doc Waters with the other.

Next thing I knowed I was back in bed with orders to stay there fer two solid days. All my relatives from the next holler came over to visit me; even Cletus Johnson and Johnny Parker came by fer a while. At first I told 'em all about the little men, but after awhile I began to notice how they was

(continued on page 21)

U.F.O.



Photography: John Hitchcock

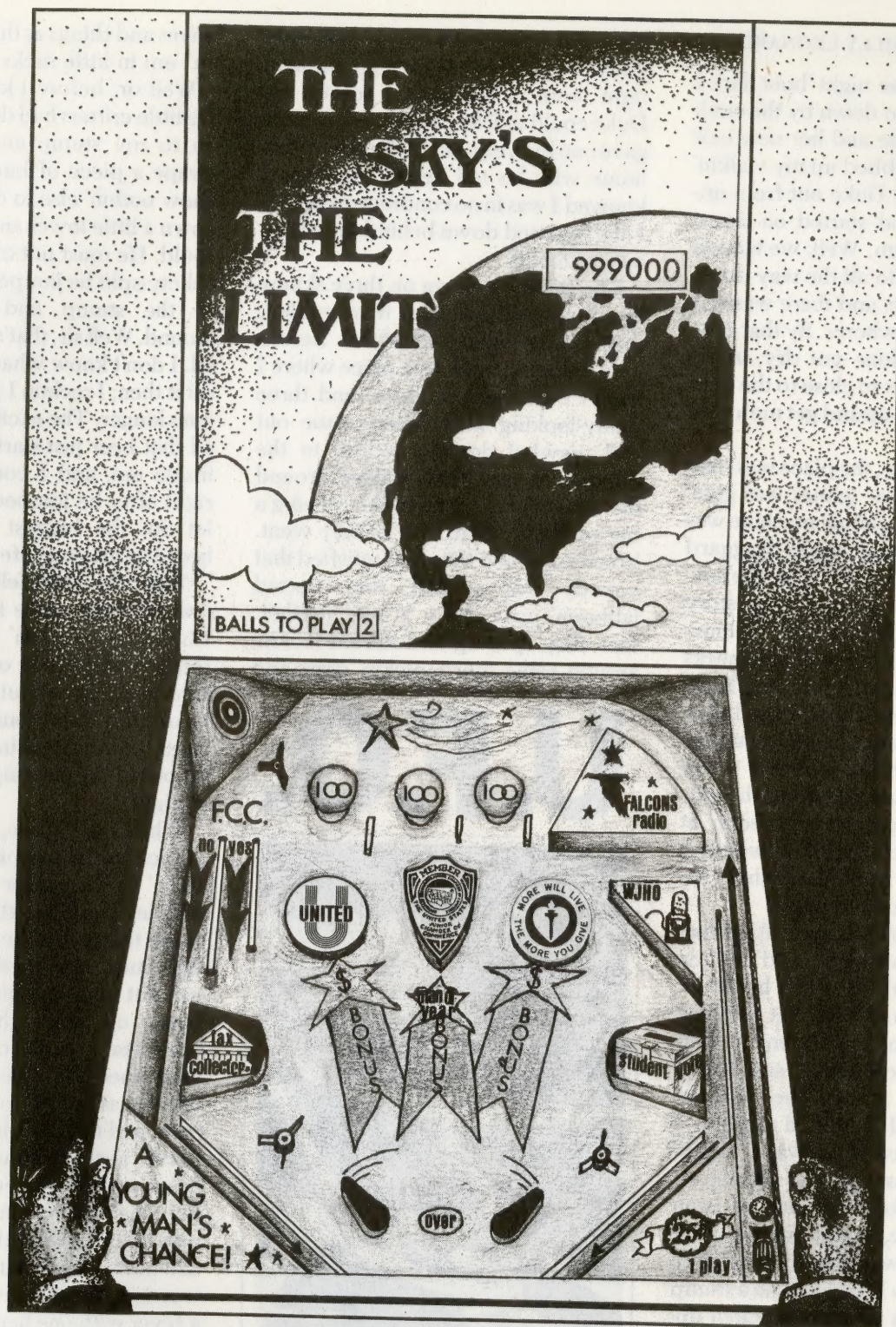


Illustration: Randy Nowell

H. DICKSON NORMAN, JR.

TAKES ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

BY THOM BOTSFORD

"It was right across the street from the bank, John, right across the street by Opelika Hardware—this big Cadillac with Dickson Norman and somebody else in it pulled up and parked next to a pickup truck. And you should have seen Dickson, really, you should have seen him. Seems like he graduated from high school only a year or two ago, but there he was all dressed up with alligator shoes and an expensive business suit and a big diamond ring on his finger! Well, you know that I just had to cross the street where they were talking about the Atlanta Falcons or something like that, and it just amazed me, John, because I always thought Dickson would be at WJHO with old Jack Smollen..."

"But no, they went in a little door next to the hardware and I looked on the glass and it said: 'H. Dickson Norman, Jr., and Associates; Advertising and Public Relations Specialists; Suite One.' Well, I didn't know anybody around here worked in a suite, John..."

"And you know, I talked to Margie about it and she told me that Dickson was doing pretty good for himself these days even if he didn't finish up over there at Auburn. And honestly, John, I had just plain forgotten that Dickson had run for tax collector last time with all those 'Give A Young Man A Chance' advertisements in the *Daily News*. But Margie, she keeps up with him and remembers when he was a little boy and ran a Co-Cola business in the summertime. So she told me that he was in big with Gov'ner Wallace who had appointed him to something and that he had gotten something else—Margie had forgotten exactly what—and that he would probably make a million dollars someday. You just wait, she said, you just wait, and I said I believed her, but you tell me just what you think, John. Now just what do you think?..."

* * *

It really doesn't matter what John thinks, for Margie and her friends are pretty close to the truth: Dickson Norman is up to something, and it has a lot to do with making a million dollars and running for Governor someday and

climbing as high as he can on that proverbial ladder of success before all his youthful vitality comes out of a Geritol bottle. "Younger people can do more than older people," he told the *Circle* recently. "One of the reasons the world's so messed up today is because too many old, conservative people are running things. But some of us younger people aren't afraid of trying something new, something other people might think is crazy. You know, we're at our peak now, and while we're there, we oughta shoot for the stars, give 'em all we've got."

Dickson's own "Personal Fact Sheet" reveals that he has been shooting furiously for at least five years. In so many words, it contends that he is probably the most outstanding young businessman in Lee County or, as he would have us say, in the Deep South. Below we have reprinted the document as a preface to an exclusive interview, and we have also reproduced the trademark of Dickson's firm, a representation of the hemisphere in harness:



H. Dickson Norman & Associates
ADVERTISING AND PUBLIC RELATIONS SPECIALISTS

- * 10 years of broadcasting experience with WJHO, from record librarian, sports play by play, news, and sales to top management.
- * Attended Auburn University—Mass Media Communications Major
- * Governor George Wallace appointed Norman to Board of Voter Registrars. At age 20, Norman was the youngest man in the nation to

receive a State Appointment. While on the Board of Registrars, Norman was the causal factor in allowing Auburn University students to register and vote in Lee County without a court suit.

- * Active politically. At age 21 Norman was one of the top finishers over former gubernatorial candidates and county commissioners for the office of County Tax Collector. Analysts agree that Norman would have won the election had it not been for his stand for Auburn University students being allowed to register and vote in Lee County. Norman has since engineered large successful political campaigns through his advertising agency.
- * Norman formed his own advertising and public relations agency that has grown under his leadership to a very successful business.
- * 1972 Chairman of the Lee County Heart Fund Drive. Norman led the drive to a yet unequalled 162% of the highest goal ever set for Lee County and received thunderous acclaim from State and National Heart Fund leaders for this accomplishment.
- * Publicity and Advertising Chairman for the Lee County United Appeal Drive, successfully raising over \$100,000 for charities.
- * Norman was the youngest man ever seriously considered for an important Federal Government appointment. Norman was highly recommended for appointment to the powerful Federal Communications Commission by Governor George Wallace, Lt. Governor Beasley, other State Officials and the entire Alabama delegation in Congress. The FCC is the governing body of all broadcasting. White House sources said that Norman was one of the top contenders for the appointment over a large field of possibles.

*“...from my point of view, school is just a babysitter:
a way that men and women can pay tax to the government.”*

* *Norman was also named an Outstanding Jaycee and remains a church and civic leader.*

* *This year Norman was named Director of the Atlanta Falcons Radio Network. In that capacity Norman and his agency have the job of building the network by marketing the broadcasts of the Falcons' games to radio stations all over the South. So far, Norman has been successful in making the Atlanta Falcons Radio Network larger than it has ever been.*

And now, Dickson Norman meets the press:

Circle: Dickson, you were only 22 when Governor Wallace, Lt. Governor Beasley, and the Alabama Congressional Delegation recommended your appointment to the Federal Communications Commission. Tell us how this happened.

Norman: Well, I really have to consider this one of my greatest feats. You know, of course, that the FCC is a very important agency and that, in fact, some call it the Supreme Court of Broadcasting. Well, early last year, one of the seven members, Nicholas Johnson, retired and I thought I was qualified to fill that vacancy. Officially, I was one of thirty men under consideration, but I found out later that President Nixon had narrowed down the field to two—me and James Quello, the man who got the appointment.

Circle: Did you throw your hat in the ring, or did someone else do that for you?

Norman: Senator [John] Sparkman and Representative [Bill] Nichols put my name in first, but the whole Alabama delegation was working for me. Both Senator [Jim] Allen and Lt. Governor Beasley, who were close to the situation, told me after it was all over that I was one of two in final contention for the post. It was really something. The FBI had been checking me out, and I had been briefed on important matters, like regulation of

foreign treaties and so forth. It was one hell of a situation for a young guy like me.

Circle: Do you know why the President finally recommended the other candidate?

Norman: I think I know. Mr. Quello, you see, is from Detroit and, at the time of the vacancy, Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) was a big man to see. He was very close to President Nixon, so I think he threw his support to Mr. Quello. But I don't feel too bad about it now, because I like to think of where Gerald Ford, the man who blew me out of the saddle, is today—President of the United States. You know it's an honor to lose in a situation like that.

Circle: Why did you want to serve on the FCC?

Norman: I knew what the little man is up against in the broadcasting industry. As a regulatory agency, the FCC sometimes becomes too involved in the day-to-day business of small radio stations, holding up license renewals, freezing AM frequencies and so forth. I thought that the FCC should leave these little stations alone but beef up control over the big broadcaster, say a huge VHF television station in a major city. That's where we need a little regulation of news and programming. The big stations really influence many more people, you know. Personally, I just call myself a grass roots broadcaster because most of my broadcasting experience has been right here in Opelika. In fact I started working for WJHO when I was eight.

Circle: You were on the payroll?

Norman: Oh no, I was just learning. Station Manager Jack Smollen would pick me up at 6 a.m. on Saturdays and take me to the station and show me how things worked. This made work fun for me at an early age.

Circle: Didn't you later broadcast under the name of "Heavy Harry"?

Norman: Well yes, I did, if you have to know. I went on the payroll at 13 as a disc jockey and, at that time, disc jockeys didn't have a very good image. People didn't realize what radio people did—they thought radio people were beatniks and do-nothings. So I never really said: "this is old Dickson Norman," because frankly I was too embarrassed. Even at age 13, I was thinking of my image: I wanted to be a character on the air rather than exude my own personality. I was "Soul Daddy" and "Heavy Harry" and "Asa Spade"—just clowning around in a way. You know I never was very good in school so I had to make up for that deficit with things like these radio names. I wanted to get people to notice me, and they did! I always go in the back door for things; I'm always looking for an angle. At that time, I said—well, if I do status quo work in school and concentrate on trying to build my income, then I would be in a better position later, and this theory has proven true.

Circle: You were a mass communications major at Auburn, but you never finished your undergraduate work. Why?

Norman: School was just not applicable to what I wanted to do. I found out that I could achieve more and be much more creative by doing my own thing, by doing what I wanted to do. And I saw I was really too advanced for school—not to be facetious or anything—but school was never my cup of tea. I learned the things they're teaching people in high school and college during my first days of work. So from my point of view, school is just a babysitter: a way that men and women can pay tax to the government. I really think that many people would be more productive out of school.

Circle: Tell us about your business interests. Is your advertising firm making a profit now?

Norman: Yes, it's making a profit, but naturally it's not anything like I want it to be. It's a young business, started a few years ago from scratch, which has

grown to a fairly large, accurate type advertising agency. We've handled very successful political campaigns, and we've made numerous clients numerous amounts of money. We have shown ourselves to be effective. We handle national advertising—right now we're handling ads in two issues of *Woman's Day*, for example, and for *Good Housekeeping*. The rates in these magazines are high, but this is the national market. Our clients include a fast food service outlet in two states and the Atlanta Falcons, just to mention a couple.

Circle: The Falcons network was a pretty big catch, wasn't it?

Norman: Oh yes, I thought it was a good move—me coming from Opelika, Alabama, and dealing with an Atlanta group, contracting and expanding into the regional market.

Circle: How did you get the job?

Norman: Connections and a good reputation, basically—something I've been building for years. When I was with WJHO, I got to know the people at WQXI in Atlanta, and this was the

group that asked me to take the job. We've done pretty well for them, I think. In fact, we got the Falcons onto WSM in Nashville now—WSM is a very big station, the Grand Ole Opry station. This is the kind of work we're doing: regional work in addition to the local, and we're stepping right up to the national level.

Circle: In other words, you want to develop some sort of Madison Avenue firm in this area.

Norman: That's right; that's exactly what I want to do. You see, I can operate just as viable an entity of an advertising firm with lower overhead and save my clients money right here in Opelika-Auburn, Alabama—or, in the South I prefer to say—as a firm on Madison Avenue. I think I can get my clients better results because I know what they need.

Circle: You have a strong property base to build from here, don't you?

Norman: Well, I'll inherit this building and some other buildings and some land in the area some day. This building, by the way, was named for my great grandfather, L.F. Dickson, who was mayor of Opelika a long time ago. He bought the town its first fire truck—Chief Mitchell told me that when I was campaigning for tax collector, and it makes me feel good, you know. I'm a fifth generation Lee Countian and consider myself fortunate to have had a family that has acquired things. Now I'm taking advantage of what they have acquired to help myself along. You gotta start somewhere so you might as well have been here all your life.

Circle: We heard that you set up a recording studio in Opelika a few years ago. What happened to it?

Norman: I started that when I was in the tenth grade but discovered that the market wasn't right for it. It's just one of many things that I've tried. You see, these business idiosyncrasies of mine are not whimsical. They've been inbred into me to the point that I get up every day and feel I need to be ac-

quiring something that is productive to a goal I have set: If I do this every day, I figure the law of averages will take care of me going up the ladder. It's as simple as that.

Circle: Do you really own an Afro clothing store here in town?

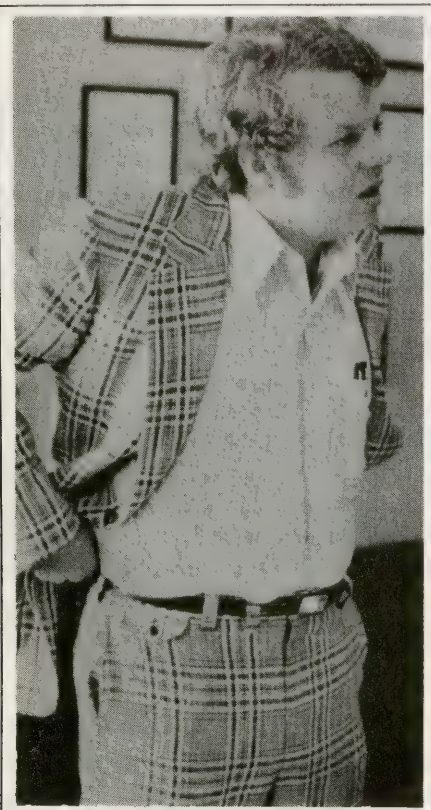
Norman: No, but I own a gift shop in the same building, which is my family's property. I rent to the man who runs Mr. Soul's Fashions, if that's what you mean. Yes, it's a black situation, and the fellow who runs the store is the first black merchant in downtown Opelika, a preacher from Eu-
faula. I helped him get started here. He came to me looking for a place so I remodeled the building and put him in business. I don't feel that was bad because he's renting from me—it's just a part of looking after my family's property. My family has fairly extensive holdings—that perhaps is the way we should put it.

Circle: Informed gossips tell us that you own a pinball machine parlor in Atlanta.

Norman: Well, no, that's not exactly right. Actually, I own a franchise for a system of pinball parlors, and right now we're in the process of making prototype equipment for this operation. Of course, this is an experimental entity but, potentially, a viable one. Also, a local businessman, Dan Rencher, is working with me on what amounts to a total Western Hemispherical effort for merchandising an electronic ignition system (for automobiles). We're going to be selling these in Canada, Nova Scotia, Mexico, South America—we're going to encompass the whole Western Hemisphere, first.

Circle: How about telling us how you're going to do it.

Norman: Well, it's going to be a mail order thing, operated through radio stations acting as our agents all over the hemisphere. It could prove to be very lucrative. We will supply the units to the stations on a per inquiry basis, and the stations will tell folks how timely



Photography: John Hitchcock

"...I don't see myself as a glittering example; I see myself as a glittering generality."

and economical this product is, especially now that we have an energy crisis. It will save a customer \$2 out of every \$10 on gas, and it will eliminate one out of every three tune-ups. Best of all, it's only \$24.88 and it's manufactured by a very reputable company—the Judson Company, makers of superchargers for MG automobiles.

Circle: The sky's the limit...

Norman: That's right—imagination is what it takes. Another thing I'm thinking about is mixed drinks in tablets, like Alka Seltzer, that you drop into a tonic, add the alcohol, and watch your drink stir itself! You never would have to mix your drink, you see? These are just some of the little things that could make you a million or a billion dollars—and who knows if you never try? I have some other ideas too, big ideas that are coming along pretty well.

Circle: Tell us about them.

Norman: I'd really like to tell you, but we would run into legal problems. That's how delicate some of these matters are.

Circle: All of this brings us to a question about values. How do you react to people who call you mercenary?

Norman: Well, when you get down to the common denominator, you've got to look after old number one. That's a statement more young people oughta live by. If they're employed by somebody, they're not going to get back any monetary benefits except a paycheck...

Circle: Yet some people think a paycheck suffices, that in fact money is not that important.

Norman: Well, let me say this: I fully agree with that contention and I believe by that doctrine, but society simply doesn't work that way. You have to exist, and to do that, you have to play the game of life. So why not play it for all it's worth?

Circle: Do you get most of your kicks

out of making money or out of the money itself?

Norman: Oh, it's not the money itself—it's the making of the money. That's the real thrill, the real challenge. Remember, it's all in fun, anyway; it's a game. Every day is exciting for me. I wake up and look forward to the creative things I'll be doing.

Circle: What are some of your other ambitions?

Norman: I'm interested in politics and government as my record will show. To date, I'm the youngest man in the nation to have ever served on a board of voter registrars, and I am the youngest man to ever receive serious consideration for a position on the FCC. I ran for county tax collector and made a good showing...

Circle: But what do you aspire to, politically?

Norman: Well, I think the governorship of the state wouldn't be too hard to achieve. After all, it's a promotional effort and while I don't want to sound facetious or blasphemous, I've gotten a head start over most of the people my age. I already have the staff, the machinery, to get a campaign off the ground.

Circle: Would you call yourself a "liberal" or a "conservative"? Or, to put it another way, what's your political orientation?

Norman: I would call myself a progressive middle-of-the-road type thinker. You know it's always wise to take the best political avenue you can at any point in time, and right today, I see no avenue to take politically. I'm considered a liberal in the eyes of the people of this area. Remember, I am the reason Auburn students have the right to vote. Probably as a result of that, I lost the tax collector's race.

Circle: We thought that Attorney-General Baxley's ruling on the matter was the reason these so called transients were finally allowed to register and vote.

Norman: No, that was just a ruling, an opinion, which our Board of Registrars could have taken to court and stalled things with a long time. But I voted "yes" for registering the students, and I had some influence, I think, over one of the other two members, who finally changed her mind and voted, "yes." This saved the county a small fortune in court costs and, most important, put down the ill will that was building up between the students and some of the other residents.

Circle: Are you one of the Governor's intimate friends?

Norman: Let's just say that I'm a friend but not a personal, personal friend. I know him and he knows me, since I've been working with the Wallace campaign since I was a young newscaster with WJHO. Governor Wallace really put me on the bandwagon, motivated me into doing something for myself and something for the state. Most recently, as you know, the Governor was highly instrumental in helping me nearly get appointed to the FCC.

Circle: Some people say you have a chauffeur.

Norman: No, I just ask one of my employees to drive for me because I hate to get behind the wheel. Besides, I can think and work while moving from place to place—so it's a timesaver. And you know, driving requires talent just like everything else; if somebody drives all the time, well naturally he's better at it than I am. Going anywhere is potentially dangerous, you know, especially if you're in a big car and have a diamond ring on your finger. It's simply safer to have somebody travel with you. But back to politics: I think my name is pretty well known across the state. I'll ride up to Birmingham to go on TV, and I'll see somebody on the street and they'll say: "Hey, I saw you on TV!" Makes you feel good.

Circle: Why don't you run for sheriff?

Norman: I've thought about that, but frankly I'd rather be a policy making official. I'm interested in the state

legislature and the lieutenant-governorship and, ultimately, the governorship. That's my ambition at least, and I seldom stray from my ambition. Now I might be 50 years old before I'm governor, but that simply means that I have 30 years to move. And as I said before, I already have the promotional machinery, not to brag about it or anything. I've worked for it, however; I've built it from scratch. Still I want to relate to these younger people who'll be reading this interview. I want to tell them how they can do what I've done. Yet I don't see myself as a glittering example; I see myself as a glittering generality. So don't get the idea that I think I've got it made. I'm no superman.

Circle: What's the significance of all these pinball machines in your office?

Norman: It's just a hobby, just my way of having fun. They're all antiques, most of them were made in the early sixties. In fact, they're works of art in themselves—like having a Picasso in your home. I've also got some other interesting things here. Over in the next room, my game room, you'll find an electronic shooting gallery game that shoots a beam of light on the animals in there. And in the corner, that's an old safe that belonged to my great-great-grandfather in the 1860's. About everything you see in here is an antique.

Circle: We understand that you also collect and restore old automobiles. How many do you have?

Norman: I'm not sure how many I've got—maybe about ten. Each one has some distinction to it. My 1936 Chevrolet, for example, represents the first year they put steel tops on their automobiles, and my 1946 Ford was the model they put out after a period of non-production, World War II. I also have a 1957 Mark II Lincoln Continental and a 1965 Thunderbird—both are milestone models—and right now, I'm having someone restore a 1959 governmental Cadillac limousine. It was used by the State Department, had two air conditioners, and held up to nine passengers.

Circle: Dickson, what would you do if your plans for the future failed to materialize? Say we had a depression or something...

Norman: Well, I've failed before. That tax collector's race was a failure. I should have won it, and I was depressed for a while after it was all over. That's why I can relate to Dick Nixon leaving office. You have to have been in the deepest valley to know what the highest mountain is like. You can profit by failure, but the important thing is to motivate yourself, to be a self starter, to keep on trying. Very few people can do that.

I know what I'm doing, however, even if some people think I'm crazy. I read an article recently which defined a genius as somebody who shoots for things other people can't see, and makes the mark. That sounds sensible to me because I've been doing some shooting even though other people are completely oblivious to my target. Now I don't know if my thinking is above or below anybody else's, but I am doing things now that other people in my scope and walk of life don't always understand. I guess I'm just a positive thinker. I feel I can reach out and punch a button in mid-air, and my organization will produce what I want.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN EARTHWORM*

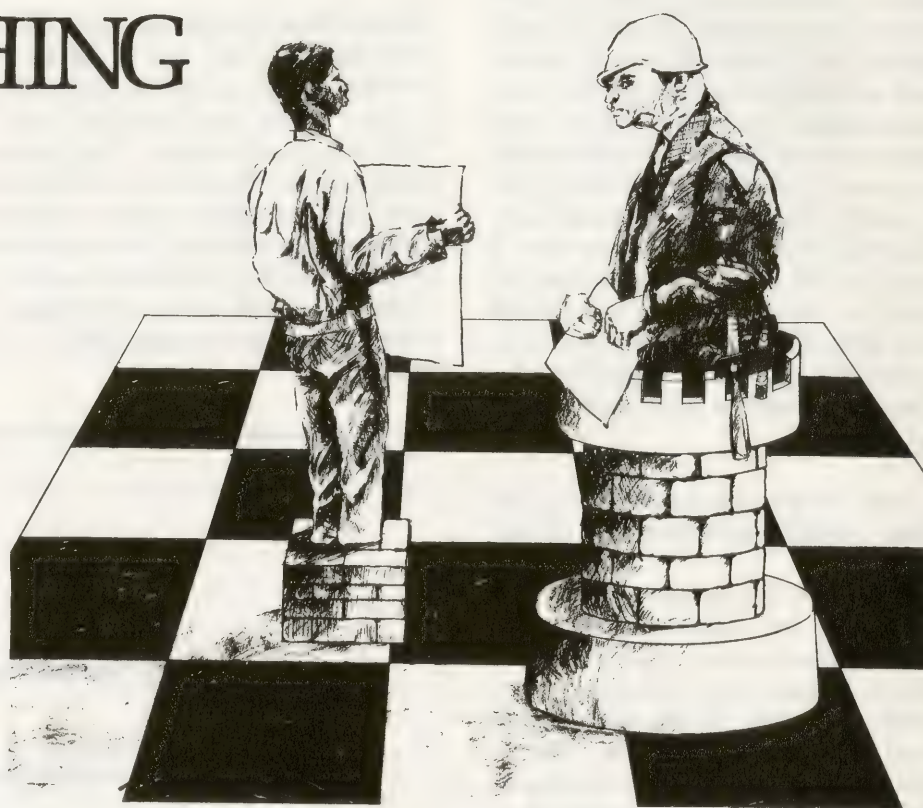
occasioned by his untimely
demise beneath a careless foot

Alas! That did the fickle foot of Fate
Remove him from his tranquil earth estate;
That with a single stroke of toe and bone
Such life could be destroyed as was his own.
Since from primeval seas he 'last was freed,
Has crawled among green garden, shrub, and weed,
Has kept external company with kings
And graced the humble soil of underlings.
Whose brave ancestors of a noble line
Endowed the earth with millions of his kind,
And royalty reflected in his hue
Although true red or pink much more than blue.
And yet descended he to death today—
So swift his years of lineage swept away!
Farewell, lost friend, acutely do I feel
The absence of your touch about my heel.
You fleeting presence during garden toil
No more I'll feel, when fingering the soil.
But yet, at times, I'll note your subtle pose
In coiling piece of string or garden hose.
And in the selfless hours your cohorts give
Assuredly, your memory will live.

*Or otherwise known as "A Personal Rebellion against Classical Forms and the Heroic Couplet."

—Annette Norris

APPROACHING THE BRIDGE IN SELMA 1965



Illustrations: Tom Neligan

BY RICHARD SNOW

In the past year, the publication of Selma, 1965 by Charles E. Fager and Walls Come Tumbling Down by Thomas R. Brooks has revived interest in the events of the civil rights movement of the 1960's. Richard Snow, a recent graduate student in the AU Department of History, also attempted to present a historical perspective of the turbulent struggle in his master's thesis, The Selma Campaign: A Chronicle of the Civil Rights Movement. In the following excerpts, Snow, who is a native of Marion, Alabama, describes some of the people involved and one of the major incidents which led to the infamous 1965 march from Selma to Montgomery.

On January 2, 1965, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., addressed a civil rights gathering in Selma, Alabama. The nonviolent leader was openly challenging an injunction issued by Circuit Judge James A. Hare six months earlier which outlawed mass meetings. Yet King braved the possibility of arrest to announce that his organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), would soon launch another voter registration campaign in Dallas County. He told a crowd of 700 sympathizers that although progress toward registration was being made, the rate was much too slow. He claimed it would take over a century at the current pace to register Dallas County's 15,000 Negro citizens of voting age. To remedy the situation, King

promised to lead a series of nonviolent demonstrations at the local, state, and even national level until the political rights of Dallas County blacks were a reality. He called on Selma Negroes to willingly "go to jail by the thousands" to place the issue of voter discrimination before the conscience of Alabama and the nation.

King's appearance in Selma was the result of a meeting late in 1964 between officers of the Dallas County Voters' League and the SCLC leaders. The representatives of the two organizations agreed that Selma offered a perfect target for renewed demonstrations not only to improve conditions in Dallas County, but also to hasten passage of a national voting rights bill. SCLC was counting on the whites of Dallas County to overreact

as they had in the past to nonviolent demonstrations. Such an overreaction might create a national climate of outrage against voter discrimination in Alabama and could ultimately produce legislation allowing blacks to participate equally in the Southern political process.

Martin Luther King was near the apex of his career as the most prominent of the black civil rights leaders. Since the Montgomery bus boycott in 1956 he had increasingly taken the role of symbolic spokesman for America's black citizens, attracting the support of inarticulate Southern blacks and white middle class liberals alike. Among the various civil rights leaders, King occupied the vital center; a voice of moderation, less radical than James Forman or John Lewis of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), more militant than Whitney Young of the Urban League or Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). The magnitude of the 1963 March on Washington revealed King's immense personal prestige with supporters of the movement not directly involved in Southern protest activities. *Time* magazine honored King as its Man of the Year for 1963, and in 1964 he received the Nobel Peace Prize.

In a movement supported by a wide array of ideologies, King's philosophy of nonviolent resistance still constituted the theoretical foundation for most civil rights activity. Resting upon an eclectic base which included the thought of Marx, Gandhi, Thoreau, Sartre, Reinhold Niebuhr and Walter Rauschenbusch, King's philosophy concentrated on the moral commitment of each individual to challenge nonviolently the injustice of society. This nonviolent challenge should be based on the principles of Christian love, and theoretically was aimed not at defeating or humiliating an opponent, but at converting him by awakening his sense of moral shame. As the civil rights movement aged, however, pragmatism supplanted theory as the basis for action. King and other leaders recognized that non-violent demonstrations and direct action rarely seemed to affect the outlook of Southern segregationists.

Protests and marches achieved definite results not by touching the hearts of Southern whites, but by generating publicity through mass arrests and incidents of violence. This publicity aroused outside observers on a national and even international scale and resulted in pressure on the federal government to offer legal action or introduce remedial legislation. Hence, even though King abhorred violence, the movement's most tangible successes came when violence erupted.

Dr. King's organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, reflected both his philosophy and his background in the Southern black church. Most of the SCLC leaders and organizers were ordained ministers, and the relationship between SCLC and religion was one of the organization's greatest assets, allowing SCLC personnel to reach a segment of the black population outside the influence of the more secular civil rights groups. Directed by King or one of his lieutenants, SCLC campaigns were characterized by a series of spectacular demonstrations in the face of white intimidation and mass arrests. If the goal of dramatizing a particular problem was achieved, or if some type of compromise was reached between SCLC and white authorities, Dr. King's group often moved on to another community, another issue, leaving local Negroes behind to live exposed in an area buffeted by racial disturbances.

Serious differences existed between SCLC and SNCC over what should be the role and objectives of the civil rights organizations. Structurally, the two groups were dissimilar: SCLC boasted a well defined line of command from King down to the most insignificant office assistant, while SNCC took pride in its anarchistic lack of organization and the individual freedom exercised by the field secretaries. The personal influence of King was always present in SCLC gatherings, and many of the organizers openly idolized their leader. SNCC, in contrast, profoundly distrusted any single individual who attempted to exercise charismatic leadership within the body. While SCLC welcomed the

support of white liberals, directing much of its energies toward affecting this segment of the population, SNCC by 1965 distrusted liberals and increasingly leaned away from admitting whites into movement activities at all. At a SNCC conference early in 1965 John Lewis charged that the liberals' material comforts and congenial relations with the establishment were more important to them "than their concern for an oppressed people." And Lewis noted: "They will sell [blacks] down the river for the hundredth time in order to protect themselves." And though SNCC still numbered white activists among its members, Lewis said "if the movement and SNCC are going to be effective in attempting to liberate the black masses, the civil rights movement must be black dominated and led."

Despite their differences, SNCC and SCLC agreed to work together in the upcoming civil rights drive. Members might disagree over tactics and ideology, but both groups had a common goal—political and social equality for the black citizen in the South. The two organizations formed a coalition. SCLC would work primarily through the church with older Negroes; SNCC would continue its effective work with the young.

The civil rights forces would face two new white officials in Selma—Mayor Joseph T. Smitherman and Public Safety Director Wilson Baker. For the voters of Selma the election of Joe Smitherman in March, 1964, marked a partial reconciliation between the traditions of the past and the demands of the future. The thin, thirty-four-year-old appliance dealer represented a group of increasingly influential businessmen who believed that rapid industrial growth was essential for the economic health of Selma and Dallas County. In his campaign against longtime mayor Chris Heinz, Smitherman expressed concern over Selma's failure to keep pace with the growth of other Alabama cities. His victory insured that Selma would not be left behind in the scramble of Southern cities to attract industry through generous tax concessions and the promise of tractable labor.

Smitherman's dream of industrial expansion could be jeopardized by continuing racial strife which might frighten away prospective investors. Even though he was an announced segregationist, an opponent of plans suggesting closer race relations, the new mayor advocated moderation in the handling of civil rights demonstrations. He hoped this moderate course would not only present a more favorable public image of Selma and its people, but also would deny inflammatory issues to the civil rights leaders. Smitherman believed the apparent success of Sheriff James Clark's heavy-handed policy was a temporary phenomenon, that eventually demonstrations would flare up again and that Clark's tactics would only further tarnish Selma's name. In past the city police had operated almost as an auxiliary of Clark's deputies and posse. Smitherman planned to change this policy by upgrading the police force and giving it primary responsibility for all law enforcement within the city limits. Soon after the new mayor took office, the city council acted on Smitherman's recommendation and created a new appointive office, a director of public safety, to command and coordinate



the police and fire departments. Smitherman persuaded former Selma resident Wilson Baker to fill the new position.

A veteran of twenty-four years in law enforcement, Wilson Baker brought a spirit of efficient professionalism to Selma. Going bald, his blue eyes rimmed by glasses, Baker was a big man, six feet two inches tall, weighing 250 pounds. A native of North Carolina, Baker graduated from Newberry College in South Carolina and served seventeen years on the Selma police force, obtaining the rank of captain. He left Selma in 1958 after his unsuccessful race for sheriff against James Clark. Since his departure he had served as an instructor with the trade and industrial education department at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. While there he continued his education, taking courses in law enforcement and completing special legal training in criminal law. Like most Southern officials Baker believed in segregation. Nevertheless, he held a higher allegiance to the law and believed that the time had come for the police of the South to enforce the law as professional men regardless of their personal philosophies.

Wilson Baker and his former political rival, James Clark, were anything but close friends. Not only had Clark defeated Baker in 1958, but the two men held radically differing philosophies concerning law enforcement. In addition, Clark harbored suspicions—probably justified—that Baker planned to use the position of director of public safety as a springboard for a second effort to get the job of Sheriff. Mayor Smitherman, who was friendly with both men, worked to bring a reconciliation which would assuage Clark's pride, convince the sheriff that his political position was secure, yet still give major responsibility for policing civil rights protests to the moderate Baker. The three officials reached a compromise: Baker would not run against Clark for sheriff, and Clark would abandon all law enforcement activities within the city limits. Clark also agreed to mobilize his posse only in a serious emergency. On one point, however, Clark refused

to yield: he would not relinquish his authority over the county courthouse and immediately surrounding property.

The first test of the new city administration's policy of moderation came when Martin Luther King announced the SCLC voting rights campaign. Baker and Smitherman agreed that the arrest of King for disobeying Judge Hare's injunction would give Selma immediate unfavorable publicity and would hasten rather than prevent a massive protest from the Negro population. Baker disclosed that the injunction would not be enforced. After King left Selma following his address on January 2, the *Selma Times-Journal* proudly and hopefully noted that the meeting had taken place "without incident or apparent tension on the part of either law enforcement or Negroes attending the rally."

Backed by a small army of skilled activists, King formally launched the Selma campaign on Monday, January 18. Most of the major luminaries of SCLC had come to participate: King's close friend, Ralph Abernathy; Andrew Young, articulate and restrained, often the most conservative voice among SCLC leaders; fiery Hosea Williams, who according to Mayor Smitherman, "could make you mad just by looking at him"; James Bevel, a radical dressed in overalls and a denim jacket, an African cap adorning his shaved head. SNCC also had its representatives in Selma. John Lewis had returned to help coordinate the joint SNCC-SCLC effort and to aid SNCC project director John Love.

Although civil rights activity went on unabated in Selma, the focus of national and state attention shifted to a community twenty-five miles away—Marion, the seat of rural Perry County. Marion was a small, peaceful town, unaccustomed to change. For many years the relationship between its white and black residents constituted one of the most changeless of the town's traditions. Rigid segregation was enforced and dire consequences awaited the rare individual rash enough, or unknowledgeable enough, to attempt a breach of racial etiquette.

Nevertheless, a few intrepid blacks braved the possibility of retaliation and in 1962 organized the Perry County Civic League to encourage the voter registration effort. Albert Turner, a Marion brick-layer who served as president of the Civic League, wrote to representatives of the Justice Department and pointed out that only three per cent of the potential black voters in Perry County were registered. Responding to a flood of letters protesting political inequality, Justice Department lawyers obtained an injunction ordering the Perry County Board of Registrars to end discrimination against black voter applicants. Like the registrars in Dallas County, those in Perry County ignored the court order. Continued complaints from Perry County blacks eventually led Judge Daniel H. Thomas to appoint a federal voting referee. Yet the man appointed—a white attorney from nearby Greensboro in Hale County—seemed unwilling to reverse the action of the county board. Federal court action had only slightly increased the number of blacks on the voting rolls when SCLC launched the civil rights campaign in Selma early in 1965.

Since the Civic League already existed in Perry County, the civil rights leaders considered Marion second only to Selma as a center of enthusiasm for protest. The presence of a homegrown civil rights group meant that much of the preliminary organizational work had been accomplished, allowing the Negro population to participate in nonviolent protest sooner than in counties such as Wilcox or Lowndes where little civil rights spirit had surfaced previously.

Under Albert Turner's leadership the pace of the equal rights movement quickened during January. Tuesday night civil rights meetings became a regular outlet of social energy for entire families. They gathered at Zion's Chapel Methodist Church in central Marion and listened as leaders described the tactics necessary for effective protest. Prayers and Freedom Songs led by Marion ministers Lionel Langford and James Dobynes were an essential ingredient of successful meetings, instilling a mood of unity

and self-sacrifice. George Bess, a SNCC organizer from Selma, arrived to mobilize the young Marion blacks. Bess spoke with students of all-black Lincoln High School as they walked home after classes, and he recruited allies at the cafes where students gathered. Just as his SNCC counterparts had done in Selma, Bess attracted a sizable contingent of young Negroes to serve as the vanguard in the non-violent demonstrations. The ultimate arrest of the young demonstrators would almost certainly radicalize parents and relatives, bringing into the struggle older Negroes who might otherwise remain on the sidelines.

On Monday, February 1, mass demonstrations commenced in Marion. Dressed warmly against the winter chill, 300 blacks walked from Zion's Chapel to the white-columned courthouse and formed a line outside the registrars' office. All during the day the line of hopeful Negroes stretched back from the office door and twisted down the corridors of the courthouse. The blacks waited patiently as the officials attempted to examine the throng of voter applicants. Late in the afternoon George Bess led a small detachment of young demonstrators on a foray to test the segregation policies of the white-owned eating establishments. Drugstore proprietors had prepared for this eventuality by removing tables and stools from their snack bars, but most of the cafe managers decided to comply with the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and serve Negro customers. One owner, however, tried to close her cafe when Bess and the youngsters approached. Disregarding the warnings of the proprietress, Bess and fifteen demonstrators entered the cafe and were shortly afterward arrested for trespassing.

These early arrests apparently did nothing to decrease the intensity of the equal rights campaign. Protest marches and desegregation attempts became daily occurrences. The blacks endeavoured to lure their white adversaries into a blunder which would present an unfavourable image to outside observers. Just as they did in Selma, the demonstrators sometimes adopted policies of deliberate provocation.

They would march to the courthouse as many as six times a day, often staging these walks to coincide with the coffee and lunch breaks of the police officers. Albert Turner noted that although the police were trying to hold their tempers in check, "they were getting itchy." Each day brought a new barrage of insults to the value system of Marion's whites.

In addition to frequent marches, a full-scale economic war added to the tension in Marion. From the inception of the civil rights drive many white employers had dismissed workers suspected of supporting the movement. Early in February the blacks retaliated by calling for a boycott of stores and businesses owned by whites. This maneuver was particularly irritating to Marion's officials and businessmen, who failed to recognize the connection between discrimination and the town's economic health. Marion Mayor Leigh Pegues accused the civil rights activists of employing several forms of coercion, including threats of violence, to maintain the boycott.

Tension continued to mount during the second week of February. Mayor Pegues reported that he received a



Confusion became panic before the flailing, punching nightsticks....

Chief Harris could be heard over the address system.

"Get 'em back in there," he shouted, "get 'em back in there."

telephone threat from a man identifying himself as Albert Turner. Rumors of possible violence led Chief of Police T.O. Harris and Sheriff W.U. Loftis to request aid from the Alabama State Troopers. With the arrival of reinforcements the police abandoned their earlier effort to keep the number of arrests to a minimum. They launched a policy of mass incarceration which netted hundreds of demonstrators within a few days. Yet the protests continued as new converts came forward to fill the ranks left vacant by marchers hauled away by the police. The detention facilities of Perry County were soon overcrowded, and the arrested blacks were sent to jails and state road camps in neighboring counties. In a short time the financial expense of maintaining so many prisoners brought the release of almost all those arrested. The Perry County officials were realistic enough to admit that the policy of mass arrest had failed.

Comparative calm ushered in the third week of February, and a few hopeful whites believed that the sentiment of activism was lessening among the black citizens. But on the evening of Wednesday, February 17, the demonstrators once again emerged into the streets and alarmed the white community with the possibility of night marches. The whites blamed this most recent tactic on the arrival in Marion of James Orange, one of Dr. King's Selma organizers, and a perfect candidate for the title of "outside agitator." When Orange led a protest march of young demonstrators on the morning of February 18, he was arrested and charged with contributing to the delinquency of minors. If the white officials hoped to prevent further protests after dark they had blundered badly. The other movement leaders announced that after the usual mass meeting that night there would be a march from Zion's Chapel to the Perry County jail where Orange was being held.

The nocturnal activity planned by the activists set off a new wave of paranoia among white residents. The coming of night had traditionally increased the separation between white and black Southerners, and who could say with certainty what sinister designs the blacks might hope to achieve under the cover of darkness. Rumors spread that the Negroes might descend from the lofty heights of non-violence and forcibly attempt to free Orange. Mayor Pegues requested the aid of additional state troopers. Chief Harris and Sheriff Loftis deputized local whites.

Recently released on bond from jail and still displaying the marks of his encounter with Sheriff Clark, SCLC organizer C.T. Vivian appeared in Marion on Thursday to replace the arrested James Orange. Thursday night after listening to Vivian castigate the uncompromising attitude of Marion whites, a crowd of 400 Negroes began leaving Zion's Chapel on their protest walk to the Perry County jail. The first demonstrators outside the church encountered the troopers, local police and deputized whites lined up along the sidewalk leading to the jail. Although Albert Turner and the other leaders noticed the increased number of state troopers—fifty had finally arrived in Marion—they were accustomed to the presence of watchful police officers, and no one became alarmed. The marchers had moved half a block and about 100 were outside Zion's Chapel when Police Chief T.O. Harris spoke over a public address system: "This is an unlawful assembly. You are hereby ordered to disperse. Go home or go back in the church." The demonstrators intended to comply with the police order, but first, local minister James Dobynes knelt in the street to offer the usual nonviolent prayer. Suddenly several troopers attacked Dobynes with their nightsticks and began dragging him toward the jail. The other leaders were also

arrested as the forces of law and order launched a general assault against the demonstrators. The attack was abruptly plunged into darkness as the street lights went out. Confusion became panic before the flailing, punching nightsticks of the advancing officers. Above the din created by the screams and shouts of the blacks, Chief Harris could be heard over the address system. "Get 'em back in there," he shouted, "get 'em back in there."

Despite an unfriendly reception from Marion's officials and white citizens, several reporters, photographers and cameramen were outside the church to witness the march. They had been ordered to remain in an assigned area in front of the Marion city hall, approximately 100 feet from the entrance of Zion's Chapel. When the lights went out a group of newsmen broke from the assigned area and ran toward the melee across the street. They immediately came under attack from a contingent of local whites who had been hovering near them throughout the night. Whenever a photographer popped a flash bulb his camera would be seized and sprayed with black paint or smashed on the sidewalk. The white attackers warned the newsmen "to get the hell out of here," and when UPI cameraman Pete Fisher moved too slowly, the self-appointed censors knocked him down. NBC reporter Richard Valeriani suffered a brutal assault that left him bleeding from a head wound. Several state troopers witnessed the attack but did nothing to prevent the obvious violation of press freedom.

Unable to squeeze back through the church entrance, a number of Negroes ran around the corner and entered Mack's Cafe, a shabby eating house behind Zion's Chapel. Their escape was only temporary, for they were soon followed by a group of club-swinging state troopers. In a wild melee of violence the law officers assailed at random. Cager Lee, an

eighty-two-year-old resident of Perry County who had already been the victim of one beating that night, was once again the target of an attack. His daughter, Mrs. Viola Jackson, was also clubbed to the floor. Her son, Jimmie Lee Jackson, a twenty-six-year-old pulpwood cutter, received by far the most savage treatment. Jackson lunged at the trooper beating his mother and was struck on the head. As the young black tried to get up from the floor, one trooper shoved him against the cigarette machine, and another, standing about five feet away, fired his pistol into Jackson's stomach. Then, despite the stomach wound, the troopers chased Jackson from the cafe and continued to beat him as he ran up the hill toward the front of Zion's Chapel. Stumbling blindly under a rain of blows, the wounded man turned the corner and ran down the sidewalk. He collapsed halfway between the church and the jail.

The violence in Marion was over within a few minutes. The blacks who had finally managed to struggle back into the church sanctuary were allowed to leave for home after forty-five minutes of detention. But the demonstrators and newsmen had suffered severe casualties. Ten of the victims, including Valeriani and two photographers, were hospitalized. Jimmie Lee Jackson was taken first to the Perry County Hospital for emergency treatment, and then to Good Samaritan Hospital in Selma where he underwent immediate surgery.

As news of the violence spread, Marion became the temporary center of civil rights controversy. Alabama Governor George C. Wallace proclaimed a ban on any future night marches. He declared that demonstrations "led by career and professional agitators with pro-Communist affiliations" were not in the interest of any Alabama citizens, white or black. Movement spokesmen criticized the ban, and Dr. King called on his supporters to disobey the order. But the black communities of both Selma and Marion seemed momentarily stunned by the ferocity of the white counterattack. In Marion a scheduled march on Friday morning attracted

only fifty participants, and these turned back after the first warning from Chief Harris. When asked about the lack of enthusiasm for immediate demonstrations Albert Turner frankly responded, "We aren't interested in getting clubbed no more."

That night in Selma, Wilson Baker persuaded demonstrators to abandon a march from Brown Chapel to the Dallas County courthouse which might have resulted in violent developments similar to those in Marion. Sheriff Clark wanted Baker to allow the demonstrators to walk downtown where "they could be handled better" by law enforcement personnel. But the public safety director knew that Clark and the posse were waiting expectantly at the courthouse, and that gangs of white men had gathered on various street corners—probably with sinister intentions. Backed up by twenty city policemen, Baker warned the marchers, "Every place on earth you've tried night marches someone has been seriously hurt." Baker's diplomacy and the temporary arrest of the march leader, Hosea Williams, convinced the blacks not to undertake the potentially dangerous venture.

Eight days after his admission to Good Samaritan Hospital, Jimmie Lee Jackson died of infection brought on by his wounds. The civil rights leaders immediately began stressing the importance of his martyrdom, the example of his commitment, and the necessity for still more sacrifices to overcome the forces which had claimed the young man's life. The movement's orators stressed again and again that this death must not be in vain, that the campaign for equal rights must be intensified even in the face of violent intimidation from state and local law officers.

Earlier King had suggested that the state capital of Montgomery might be the target of massive demonstrations if

the civil rights campaign stalled in the Black Belt counties. Now the general outrage over the violence in Marion prompted the leader of SCLC to announce that the movement's supporters would soon conduct an extended march from Selma to the capital, covering a distance of over fifty miles. The participants would be protesting the death of Jackson, the brutal methods of the state troopers, and the widespread discrimination still sanctioned by state authorities. King disclosed that the march would leave Selma on Sunday, March 7. The movement's spokesmen urged their listeners to appear in overwhelming numbers, ready to present their grievances to Governor Wallace and the Alabama legislature. James Bevel told an audience in Selma: "The blood of Jackson will be on our hands if we don't march. Be prepared to walk to Montgomery. Be prepared to sleep on the highway." The Selma campaign had reached a critical juncture.



U. F. O.—*continued*

all agreein' with everything I said and then shakin' their heads real sad-like when they went out the door. It suddenly hit me that they all thought I had done gone plumb crazy; so I decided the only thing to do was shut up and let things die down a little.

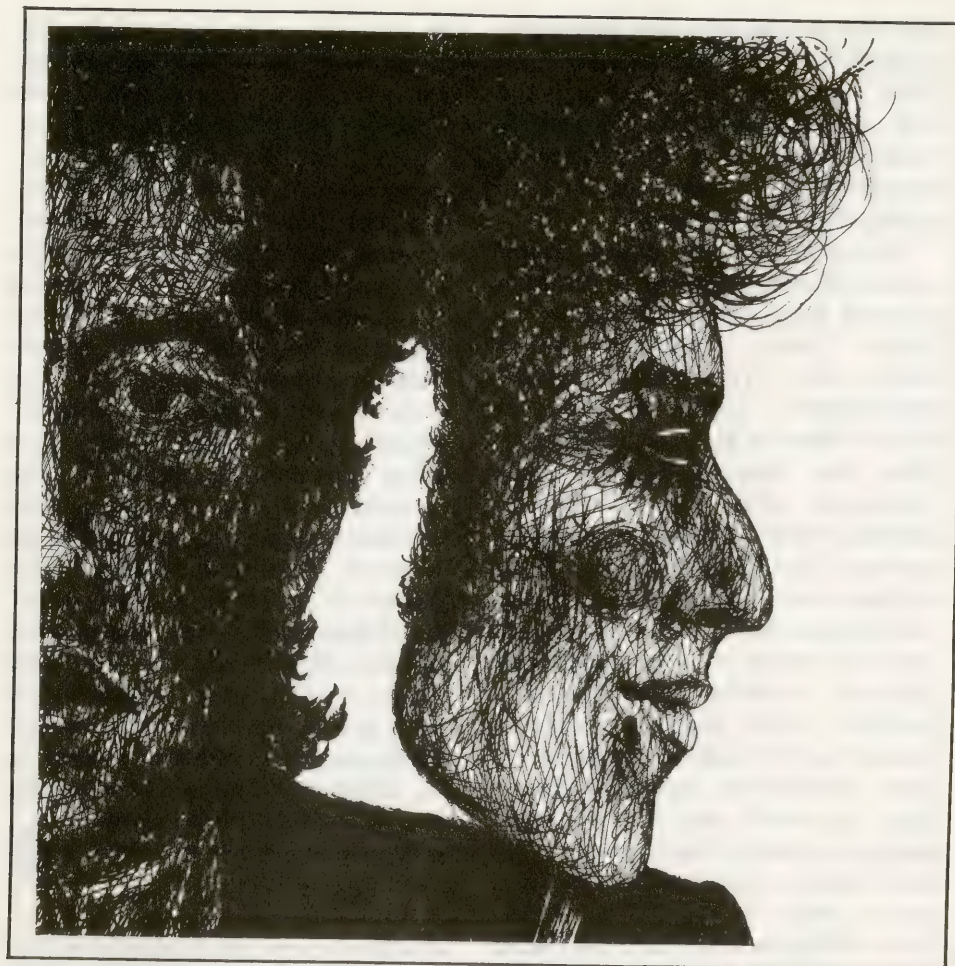
Well sir, I been out of bed fer about a week now, and everythin' has just about got back to normal 'round here. Folks still look at me sideways when they think I ain't noticin', and they whisper a little when I walk in up at the beer joint. I ain't said no more about the little men, and I don't reckon I ever will.

But I can't help walkin' down to the clearing every once in a while and lookin' at the three burned places in the grass or gazin' at them two little muddy footprints on top of that stump.

DO BANDITS WHEEZE?

I shoot the breeze
I shoot the ceiling and commit bibliography

—Calvin Foster



THE ARTIST AS (THIS TIME) POP STAR:

speculations on

BOB DYLAN

Illustration: Randy Nowell

BY A. J. WRIGHT

*How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?*

—Bob Dylan

The Omni's house lights went up, and, for their next to last song of the concert, Bob Dylan and the Band blasted out "Like a Rolling Stone" to thousands of standing, cheering people. No glitter, no guillotined dolls, no dry-ice smoke, no fancy light show—just six musicians, a nasal voice, and one of the classic rock songs of the sixties.

Yet that January performance in Atlanta, indeed the entire 1974 Dylan/Band tour of which it was a part, expressed as much about the current

state of rock music as, say, a concert by Alice Cooper or Genesis or the New York Dolls. Since the days of Elvis's hips and sullen demeanor and Bill Haley and the Comets' slapstick zaniness, rock music has always had theatrical aspects (i.e., a *visualness*) in addition to the music itself. In recent years that visual element has become not only more pronounced but more sophisticated and more an integral part of the music as well. A true "rock theater" seems to be developing.

Dylan's career has had its own peculiar brand of theatricality, although on a radically different level than anyone else's. Dylan does not do anything onstage except perform his songs, but through the medium of those songs he can create as many mental images as the visual ones formed during a Jethro Tull or Steeleye Span concert.

That Atlanta concert is a case in point. Dylan could have used each performance of this year's tour as a sort of "Greatest Hits Revue" and left matters at that. Despite the fact that only two

of the songs performed in Atlanta were new in the sense that the public had never heard them before, Dylan and the Band managed to remold each "greatest hit" while at the same time returning the songs to the fresh, relevant statements we first heard years ago.

Call this Dylan the Pop Star Extraordinaire, another of the many creative masks of Robert Zimmerman. The recent tour was one of the most successful tours in rock history with gross of at least five million dollars (one trade paper estimated that 7.5 per cent of the people in America tried to get tickets). But it was only the latest incarnation of the skinny kid from Hibbing, Minnesota.

By now, twelve years after he recorded his first album, Dylan has amassed what is probably the largest repertoire—in number of songs and variety of themes—in rock music, and he has created and shed personal "masks" right and left. Among them are: the blues/folk singer ("See that My Grave is Kept Clean" and "Freight

'Train Blues'), protest singer ("The Times They Are-A Changin'" and "Masters of War"), cartographer of the urban psyche ("Like a Rolling Stone," "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," and "Subterranean Homesick Blues"), lover ("Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" and "Love Minus Zero/No Limit"), social critic ("Ballad of a Thin Man" and "Desolation Row"), visionary and mystic ("All Along the Watch Tower" and "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine"), country crooner ("I Threw It All Away" and "Lay, Lady, Lay"), pop singer (—in the worst sense of that phrase—"Blue Moon," "Big Yellow Taxi," and "The Boxer"), movie songsmith (the soundtrack to Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*), and family man ("Sign on the Window" and "One More Weekend").

Dylan's *music*, as opposed to his lyrics, has always reinforced the use of these "masks." Dylan performed his earliest, more blues-oriented work using only an acoustic guitar and a harmonica. The "urban" work on the albums *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde* was performed with back-up musicians using electrical instruments. After his motorcycle wreck in 1966, Dylan's sound "mellowed out," and although he retained the other musicians, the music was much more acoustic from the *John Wesley Harding* album through *New Morning*. Dylan's most recent work, *Planet Waves* and *Before the Flood* (the live album recorded on this year's tour) has returned to the "rock" sound of amplified instruments.

Dylan has also used his voice to clarify his personas. The whining voice in his folk and rock songs (pre-1966) gave way to a much richer one in his country-crooner period. More recently the smooth and the whining have been combined in a strong, flexible voice with just enough edge to make it one of the finest voices in rock today. (Notice that I said in *rock*, not in opera or jazz or supper clubs.)

Dylan has worked with masks other than those that appear through his songs; these include recluse, pious Jew (a few years ago Dylan made a "secret" trip to the Holy Land, and a photograph exists of him standing

beside the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem wearing a yarmulke), actor (Alias in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*), filmmaker (*Eat the Document*), novelist (*Tarantula*), poet (see *11 Outlined Epitaphs* on *The Times They Are-A Changin'* album and the liner notes on *Bringing It All Back Home*), investor (he's co-owner of some real estate in New York City with, among others, Woody Allen, Dick Cavett, and Johnny Carson!) and finally, after twelve years, bona fide Pop Star, a member of rock music's jet set.

What can we make of all this confusion? Can the man who drew such a vividly surreal and pessimistic portrait of our agonized society in "Desolation Row" be the same one who also wrote "Down Along the Cove," a song that reeks of bouyant romantic love? Can the same person have written lines with such poetic beauty as these from "Mr. Tambourine Man": "... far past the frozen leaves,/The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,/Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow..." and such banality as (from "Peggy Day"): "Peggy night makes my future look so bright,/Man, that girl is out of sight"?

Many theories have been proposed to explain what some critics consider a decline in Dylan's work: Corrupted by his tremendous financial success, Dylan has sold out, some say. His motorcycle wreck knocked some screws loose. He's burnt out artistically. And one of the most credible explanations was suggested by Lucian Truscott in his fascinating article "Bob Dylan Comes Back from the Edge" (*Village Voice*, February 7, 1974): the personal experiences that culminated in the visionary songs of *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde* pushed Dylan so near the edge of sanity that he retreated onto safer ground.

A theory of masks is my own contribution to this plethora of speculations. When Dylan first arrived in New York City from Minnesota in the early sixties, he tried to create the image of a young man well-travelled around America. He chose his new last name, he claimed for a while, from a fictitious uncle who was a card dealer in Las Vegas. He maintained that his

parents were dead. In the twelve years since then Dylan has assumed the numerous poses outlined above. Whether he has adopted them consciously or unconsciously should be obvious. In his 1972 book *Song and Dance Man: The Art of Bob Dylan*, Michael Gray discusses in great detail the artistry of Dylan's work through the *New Morning* album. Dylan himself has written, "i'm a poet/i know it/i hope i don't blow it." Thus the seriousness of Dylan's intent is unquestionable.

Some examples will show Dylan's masks in more detail and that they are, at least for the most part, consciously created. The song "One More Night" on *Nashville Skyline* contains the lines: "I just could not be what she wanted me to be.... I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true,/ I had no idea what a woman in love would do!" Compare that observation with this one from "Just Like A Woman" (*Blonde on Blonde*): "And I was dying there of thirst/So I came in here/And your long-time curse hurts./But what's worse/ Is this pain in here/I can't stay in here/Ain't it clear that—/I just can't fit..." Both songs concern Dylan's unwillingness to fit into the mold "a woman in love" might want to create for him—yet one song is caustic, bitter and the other longing, nostalgic. Also, in "One More Night" Dylan focuses primarily on his own feelings of loss, whereas in "Just Like A Woman" his perceptions of his former lover comprise the bulk of the song.

In the song "Lay, Lady, Lay," also on *Nashville Skyline*, Dylan asks his woman to "lay across my big brass bed." In "She Belongs to Me" on *Bringing It All Back Home*, Dylan sings, "Bow down to her on Sunday,/Salute her when her birthday comes" and "But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole/Down upon your knees." The poses of country crooner and spokesman of the urban psyche allow Dylan to express the radically different feelings and attitudes toward women contained in these four songs.

One of Dylan's best known songs is "Mr. Tambourine Man," considered by many to be a celebration of the escape that drug use can bring. In the last

verse of that song Dylan sings, "Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,/ Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,/With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,/Let me forget about today until tomorrow." On one hand, this song could indeed be the ramblings of a non-committed, stoned (but talented) lyric poet who desires nothing more than to sit in his ivory tower and dream some more. However, this song, like the later "Day of the Locusts," is also an expression of feelings we all have at one time or another, even the non-stoned among us. The next time you're late for class and can't find a parking place, just think how nice it would be to follow some Pied Piper away from the "jingle jangle morning."

Another of Dylan's well-known songs is the bitter, rambling mini-epic "Desolation Row." This long, maddening song describes a topsy-turvy world in which a bizarre cast of characters (including Cinderella, Romeo, Cain, Abel, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, the Good Samaritan, Ophelia, Einstein—"disguised as Robin Hood"—the Phantom of the Opera, Casanova, Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, and a mad scientist figure named Dr. Filth) engage in all sorts of strange activities. The song builds until we finally realize that Desolation Row is our society in miniature. In the final verse the narrator speaks for the first time and admonishes a friend: "Don't send me no more letters no/Not unless you mail them/From Desolation Row." This song, as well as the many "protest" songs of an earlier Dylan phase demonstrate an interest in and commitment to the "real" world, the world outside individual fantasy. Thus Dylan's use of masks have allowed him in these songs to express two widely divergent but nonetheless human points of view.

If Dylan is conscious of and thus serious about his poses and his artistry, why are numerous songs so much worse than others? Why has Dylan even written, much less recorded, many of the inferior ones?

One reason is obvious: The quality in the *oeuvre* of any artist who produces as much as Dylan will vary

greatly; even Shakespeare, Yeats, Beethoven, and Picasso have left us relatively inferior works.

However, by putting on his "masks" Dylan avoids the problem altogether. These numerous stances allow him tremendous freedom and flexibility in the themes he chooses to write about, the points of view taken toward them, and the techniques used to express them. His years of touring, drugs, and "living on the edge," combined with the motorcycle accident that broke his neck, may indeed have altered his point of view about many themes (such as the two views of a woman's "mold" discussed above). Nevertheless, some of his strongest work artistically has been created *since* those years and that wreck. The question "Has Dylan sold out?" thus becomes superfluous; there is really no need to compare, for ultimate artistic value, Dylan the visionary and Dylan the country crooner. While they do constitute the totality of his work, these "masks" need not be judged against each other, although songs written under one guise might be illuminated by comparison with those of others. And while Dylan the visionary may survive for posterity and Dylan the country crooner fade away, our enjoyment of that latter "mask" need not be any less.

That "freshness" of the songs Dylan performed in Atlanta was created by a non-mask become a mask, Dylan as "his own man." He refused to play those songs as he would have years ago and played them instead as he would *today*. Yet this transformation of the songs did not hide the "masks" that they expressed. Dylan's poses resonated against each other, giving the concert (as they have given his career and his art) a depth and variety few, if any other rock stars possess.

One of his finest songs of this decade may give some perspective to Dylan and his "masks." "When I Paint My Masterpiece" on the *Greatest Hits, Volume Two* album has the closing lines, "Someday, everything is gonna be diff'rent/When I paint my masterpiece." Dylan seems to be keeping a balanced view of his art and its direction.

WHAT THE HELL CAN I WRITE ABOUT?

lies—nobody'd believe me...

truth—tell me what it is, and I'll gladly write about it...

college—I'll wait ten years, look back on it, imagine what fun it was, then write about it...

heaven—nah, then I would have to write about behavior modification...

communism—don't have enough paper left from my weekly ration to cover the subject adequately...

children—there shouldn't be any, so I shouldn't write about them...

old age—I don't plan to live long enough to become an expert; writing about it would only be hypothetical...

state of the world—seems broad enough...nah, I could really narrow it down to one appropriate word...

love—nope, there have been too many sappy essays on that topic, and I'm not about to shatter someone's rosy glasses with a realistic one...

religion—no good... what I believe would offer little comfort to humanity...

women's lib—I was told not to talk about it...

democracy—I might get into trouble if I print what I want to say...

parents—what I would say wouldn't make any sense, though I'd have my reasons for saying it...

friends—it's raining outside, so that idea is out...

enemies—some grain of honesty there; I'll think about it...

writing—ahh, the extension of one's soul... nah, my soul's ready to recoil and not give a damn till tomorrow...

What The Hell Can I Write About?

—Mary Lollar

HAIKU

Rain on the window
creating strange images
making shadows dance.

—Robin A. Cupo

The mailman brings it—
people hold their breaths to see
plain white envelopes.

—Mary V. Zorn

Fierce winds destroying...
riding through meadows with the breeze,
one feels the freedom.

—Janice L. Siersma

There is no music...
let the ears of all people
rejoice with sadness.

—Kris M. Gray

A battered toy...
one never appreciates
the joy of wholeness.

—Debbie D. Jaye

The staleness of night
meets the freshness of morning,
ambitious for space.

—Maria E. Bonau

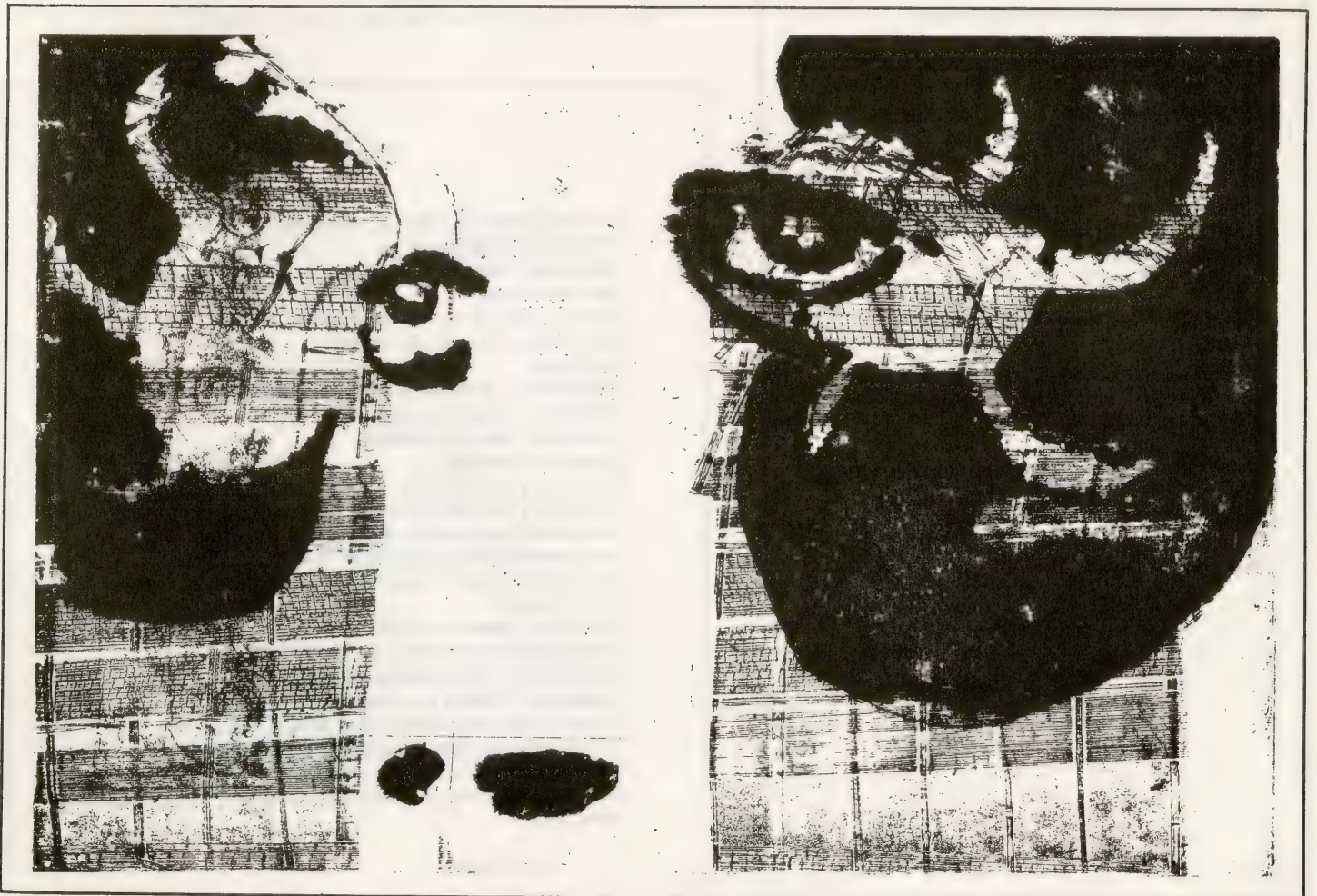


Illustration: Tom Neligan

WITHIN THE HOLLOW SHELL

Within the hollow shell of night,
trapped in the futile hell of white
awareness where black oblivion should be,
I cringe beneath a frozen sea
of frantic fear,
hoping when they come I'll seem
lost in the midst of a misty dream
and unaware.

But no, they smell my rotting dread
as large they loom above my head
and soon descend,
seeping through my fragile seams,
filling the bog where pleasant dreams
should have been.

And with their poisoned pointed smiles
they re-open wounds and empty vials
of stinging tears
and regrets within. And when they're through
they fade back into lingering hues
of gone gray years.

—Pam Spencer

IF YOU

If you share this bench
with me, you must
share it also with
e e cummings
you must tolerate his nuances
his excursions, experiments.
i will help pile the graphics
the olafs Grand Sandburg
and the commas and gods
and blue-eyed jesuses
and just perhaps you will leave
a little
blonder.

—Byron Woodfin

RIDDLE

It's likely that you do not remember
That he was liable to go
Sloe-eyed, slow-footed to the back screendoor
And the river,
Go hugging his apron, trailing his shoe,
Go wading in over his head.
It's likely,
More likely, that you will remember
The way it wasn't at all:
Somebody had a clubfoot.
(Now who was it?)
Somebody's head was a round as a gatepost knob.
Somebody ate red pepper and thought it candy.
Somebody squeezed a chick until it died.
Somebody couldn't laugh or talk or scream
But just the same mouthed year-round Halloween.
(Who was it?)
Somebody wet—in plain view—on the sidewalk.
Somebody's eyes were vacant as the air.
Somebody's grin released a spurt of slobber.
Somebody floated up, liquid and white,
Three times his natural size, and bursting out
Of his overalls like a muscadine out of its skin.
Somebody unlatched the door to let him out
And propped it open when they brought him in again.
Who was it?

—Pat Keller



Illustration: Tom Neligan

nobody seems to hear or care

BY KATIE FRAZIER JONES

The Circle offers the following as a simple story, told in her own words, of one person's daily experience of circumstances which most of us have the luxury either to avoid or ignore. Katie Frazier Jones is a thirty-year-old black woman from Opelika presently

serving a fourteen-month sentence in the Lee County Jail for writing bad checks. During the past eight months she has kept a diary of her thoughts and feelings as she lived through her arrest, trial, and time in jail. The Circle obtained the following piece taken from Ms. Jones' diary through the efforts of Ms. Ellen Clarke of the Lee

County Service Project who, along with members of the Auburn and Opelika Ministerial Associations, has visited the jail on a regular basis for the past six months. All names except those of Ms. Jones, Ms. Clarke, and Sister Eileen, M.S.B.T., of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Opelika, have been changed.

Today is a beautiful sunny warm day. I dress in my brightest color suit to help soothe the sadness in my heart. Finally I leave Tuskegee for Opelika's courtroom. Time drags on so slow, sitting here. They call all the names, can't seem to hear my name. All morning I sweat, then finally lunch. I'm told I'll have my hearing this afternoon. Try to force lunch down; return and ask judge to let me leave to pick my children up from school. The ride back to Tuskegee seems an endless journey, the one back to Opelika even worse. Try to explain to my daughters the things that are happening in court. The moment comes. I'm called to the judge's bench. Asked am I guilty, to this the answer is yes. Then I tell him I can't pay the fine [\$1,158]. He tells me I must be locked up and the welfare is to come get my children. God, don't forsake me now were my thoughts. The children watched me be locked up. My heart could have fallen out; I hated for them to watch, but there wasn't anything I could do. This night would have no end. I'm hungry.

My cell is very small, cold, and lonely. I know not what to think at first, but I do know this has to be hell. I want very much to sleep, but I'm thinking of all the rumors I've heard—bugs and things I can't stand the sight of. Bugs, I don't see any, but I feel they're crawling all over me. I want to cry, but no one will hear or care. There are two other girls here; they sound as if they have gone through hell and returned. Their gentle voices have helped me through the night.

My mind has started to malfunction. I can't think as clear: spelling words is hard for me. I can't get my mind to rest. Sleep does not come easy. I'm let out to take a shower then they lock the big door. This confinement has me all sick inside. I feel dizzy; my stomach hurts so bad.

I have become very militant in spirit. I hate everything that keeps me locked up like an animal. The people here don't try to understand Blacks have feelings and they don't always fit their slavery roles.

Many cold nights ahead. I don't seem to understand this system; you have to ask for the necessary things to

stay clean. I can't relate this to my brain. I pray all the time, but God seems to ignore the cryings of an unfaithful servant. The girls here seek information on prison that to me would kill me. Sister Eileen comes here on Thursday; she keeps the light burning in my heart and just to hear her gives me new hope each day.

Peggy is leaving. She's only nineteen. She has three years. I shall miss our long, long talks at night, her hot chocolate too. Her husband is here; he has five years. The daily letters keep her from going insane. She sometimes just stares, mostly sleeps. The food is depressing: beans, beans and more beans. I shall stop eating—if only I could get more [real] food. My children, I wonder if they are fed and clean. If I was home, we would be on our way to the park; daydreams how wonderful.

But naked reality is back. This bed is hard and small. The cook is a good friend. Now he wakes me up every morning. Bam goes the pot; I know he's getting ready to bring on the grub. The telephone rings and I know what's for breakfast (through a heat vent on the wall). We spend a lot of time talking of food, our families, and what we're in jail for.

Jane finally gets a touch of freedom. She gets to work in the sheriff's office. I wait on her to come in everyday just to have someone to talk to. I've learned to color in a child's coloring book. I'm doing some needlepoint and some crocheting; Jane is learning to crochet with a pencil. She has made a shawl for her mother. It's beautiful yellow and black. The hats and purses I've made put tears in my eyes. I'll never get to see my children wear them. They're white and gold matching sets. When I see them again they'll be grown very tall and very large. I've heard they'll be sent away. Why? No one seems to care about leaving them here so I can see them on the only visiting day. They look so bad; no one has combed their hair. God, why have I been so stupid. William started off being the attentive male, but here it comes he finds another girl. She must be very special because he hasn't been to see me or bring me anything.

Mama finally came. She started to cry, but I told her it isn't bad. Just once I thought she would hold me like a mother would hold her child just to make things get all better. Hard nose to the core. She just told me how big a fool I am. She left me some Kools. God has his way of showing me she does love me.

The shadows of my bed have begun to move. I know it must be my imagination, but there are scary sounds in here. I hear voices, but no one is here. The room gets cold.

I finally get to go to the doctor; he tells me I have a low-grade infection. Impossible, no one is here to give me anything.

Jane goes home for her first visit. I miss her. She's become like my shadow. We think alike, sit alike, even talk alike. She comes back and bam, freedom hits her when they lock the door. She throws things, screams, runs, cries—no one seems to hear or care now. They come to the door and say Katie knock it off. What hell this night has been: I feel like I've been free instead of Jane.

Days wear on and off. Mary comes; she's a drunk one that can't stop herself. She's forty-two years old, but one of the greatest persons I've ever met. She's had an addiction to drugs, killed a man, had an alcohol stroke on her right side. You can't tell it unless you stare at her. She takes muscle relaxers to keep her cool.

Peggy hasn't changed. She's still a nut, but has taken to Mary like a mother. Deb comes. She's very quiet; her story doesn't make much sense. She goes through changes before this night is over. We will read our Bibles, but the fun of our motel has only started. We make a pact to keep in touch with each other until we're all free. We make up a song about this place; it is so true. Lee County Jail is a lonely old place/Lee County Jail took my freedom from me.

Rosa comes, she's an arson so the System says. She's been shot and stabbed by her husband, but she loves him. That's why she burned his house down. That's what the System thinks. Now we have a foursome. We talk, sing, but most of all we've learned to be women again, we fix up our hair

and put on make-up. We have a wash-day every night, but just in case court comes for someone, we're always clean.

Everyone leaves. I'm here alone again. The chills, the dizziness return, now I hear the keys always urging. Soon I'll go on and finish the pain; I'll just kill myself.

Rosa and Deb return for court—what a hassle. One week of law, one week of court. We learn that Rosie has six years and Deb has four. Now they go home.

Here comes Jewel. She's nine months pregnant, but she goes home. Nadine comes; she's God-sent. She brings new hope and inspiration. We sing, read the Bible, and talk of the workings of my mind. Her mind is very heavy, she often challenges the natural explanation we've been given all our lives about surroundings. Her man is marvelous. He's found tons of money and he started paying bonds clean across the state of Alabama to set her free. She has a tremendous faith in God and her dreams. I hate to see her leave. Now my mind wonders if

maybe faith really is the key to freedom from all the jails that had a hold on her.

The merry-go-round starts over in my motel. Rosa returns, so does Deb. We have one happy family all over again. Then comes trouble. Jane dislikes Rosa. Small trouble heads my way: I don't sleep at night thinking of what might happen if the two get into a fight. Jane and me have a terrible argument.

The happy day arrives I become a trusty. Rise early in the morning; help Claude prepare the food for the meals of the day. Trouble arrives again. Claude gets hassled by a former trusty and is sent back to prison. Then I'm left to carry the burden alone. Must think what to prepare for all those people. Mind stays confused, never knowing when to do or not to do. Try very hard to keep everything clean—almost impossible.

New cook arrives; he's a little slow, but he'll improve. Jane gets a job and is free. Me, I'm still the dishwasher. Get to go home now. So good to feel the

sun and see the wind blowing in the trees. How I used to dream of such things. Heard the children and my uncle are coming home. Can't wait. Met a girl named Ellen; she's a card. She gives me hope beyond all despair. She and I plan to get me a job. Talk to D.A. He advised talking to Sheriff. Had conference with Sheriff. I know time seems endless, but freedom is around the corner. Deb and Rosie are in prison, so is Peggy. Jane is free and my children are home.

Someday I hope to be free. My mind still hasn't begun to rest, but I've met some wonderful people who became aware of the jail. Trying to help some in need will solve a lot of society's crime problems. If you listen to what your mind and heart are trying to tell you, then you'll see that jail is a helluva place. You lose all sense of time; your mind will decrease in knowledge, but you'll learn life the rough and hazardous way that jail can show you. Jail seems to me a place for the insane, not the sane.



WHEN THE AIR FLOWS

When the air flows from the cold sky
and I amid stars am afraid,
and a fading light streams through pine shadows,
a silence rises from the ground I breathe,
my hands cling to the nothing I hold,
nothing closes on the silence I know;
and on that comes a wind kissing
the hearts of leaves red and perishing
when their cries ring and drop silver
into the hands that close on nothing
in the utter space behind stars.

—Carl Dockery

FOR ORION

In the crystal cold of a winter night
I sat and watched Orion slowly rise—
Spread out awesomely in his might—
Toward the zenith. In such night skies
I had often found a quiet peace
Imparted by those stars which always rose
In the hunter's shape, and from the East.

As a frozen chord of music heard
Against the empty silence of the void,
As a steady, staying, ancient Word,
Orion rose—the stately winter-lord—
To show that in a world of change
Where earth-bound beauty dissolves and dies,
He, on frozen winter nights, maintains
A lasting proof that the nihilist lies.

—Rodney Allen

THE WOMAN WRESTLER

FREAK OR PHENOMENON?

BY PAM SPENCER

On a hot August afternoon, Circle writer Pam Spencer and former Editorial Board member Art Fourier were chauffeured by editor Jan Cooper to Montgomery, where they interviewed a type of woman athlete often ignored by both sports experts and crusading feminists. The excursion was full of many surprises for the three skeptics, but the biggest surprise of all was the lady herself.

Visions of a six-foot, two-hundred-pound "Crusher" Carla or "Fearless" Freitas melted away in the heat of the ninety-degree August afternoon when soft-spoken Sherri Lee asked with a shy smile, "I guess you want to talk to me?" A secretary, maybe; a fan, perhaps; but I simply could not believe she was "one of those" women wrestlers. Later that night I was to be convinced. We had come to this weatherbeaten, white frame house-turned-office building in Montgomery, made our way through the weeds and around the Cadillac parked out front, and sat for two hours in the tiny pink-walled office of wrestling promoter Billy Golden to learn more about that professional athlete who has been consistently underplayed by the media and seemingly forgotten by women's lib and who has been at different times to different people a heroine, a freak, a phenomenon, or a combination of the three: the undisputed queen of the wrestling sub-culture, the female wrestler. The idea of women in combat generates—as it always has in this country—fixations, taboos, and curiosity in a society traditionally



geared to male strength and domination and to female delicacy and submission. The woman wrestler completely destroys the latter image and sometimes usurps the former. Maybe that is why so little is really known about her and so much is imagined.

The hefty, scarfaced vixen with coarse language, pancake batter makeup, and bulging muscles I had imagined was in reality a mere 5'3", 130 lb. lady dressed in a handsome bike pants outfit and twenty-five

dollar shoes. Her strikingly pretty face with fine features was accented with only a touch of makeup, and her headful of rollers was wreathed in a red, white, and blue print scarf. The bulging muscles of my imagination were reduced to a slight thickness in the thighs; the scarred face, to a barely noticeable blue-black eye; and the coarse language, to a subdued voice with a quietly pleasant Ohio accent. What a disappointment! She would look perfectly at home at the super-

*"After only three weeks of wrestling," she recalled,
"I got put in the hospital for ten days...but I stuck it out."*

market, the laundromat, the PTA meeting, or behind a secretary's desk. If I hadn't seen her in action that night, I never would have believed that her home away from home is an auditorium and that her business desk is a wrestling mat.

A former Florida state wrestling champion for fourteen months, thirty-four-year-old Sherri Lee is a divorcee, the mother of four children, and an active wrestler for the National Wrestlers Alliance (NWA). After apologizing for the rollers in her hair and an imaginary lisp, she told us that she began her career as a professional wrestler seventeen years ago while employed as a secretary for a wrestling promoter in her hometown in Ohio. Just out of high school at that time, she credits her frequent visits to the gym, watching the "girls" work out, and a general enthusiasm at the matches as the primary factors leading her to try her hand at a new career. She spoke to the promoter for whom she worked, and he started her on a rigorous training program. Eight months later, she emerged from her dressing room clad in a "reinforced" bathing suit and regulation wrestling boots to face her first opponent on the mat. She was so nervous about her opponent and the audience that she got sick before each fall and only lasted two falls that night. "After only three weeks of wrestling," she recalled, "I got put in the hospital for ten days. That just about turned my head around in the other direction. But I stuck it out." As far as injuries are concerned, she considers herself lucky. The black eye and broken nose she was nursing at the interview are about the worst injuries she has ever had, except for a cut requiring eleven stitches she once suffered.

Why would any woman with four children at home and who participated in "just what they demanded of me" in her high school athletic program pursue a career in professional wrestling? The answers seem to be travel, money, and meeting people, in that order. Sherri's wrestling has taken her to the Caribbean, Puerto Rico, Canada,

Japan, and cities throughout the United States. Though she has been wrestling mainly in the Southeast for the past nine years, she remembers her visit to Japan as her most thrilling trip. "They practically rolled out the red carpet for me," she grinned and told us about a little old Japanese lady who insisted on carrying her luggage and even offered to assist her with her bath. The biggest audience she has ever wrestled before was in Montreal last August. The card drew over \$140,000 at the gate. She admits that the crowd made her a little nervous then, but usually she is concerned more about her opponent than the audience.

Raising her voice above the whine of a noisy room air conditioner impotent against the stifling heat, Sherri acknowledged her love of traveling, most of which she does during the summer when her children can accompany her. During the school year she is never away from home more than two nights at a time and does most of her wrestling in or around her adopted home state, Florida. Sherri literally glows as she talks about children. They like the travel and the matches, and Sherri's oldest daughter wants to follow Mom's footsteps or "bootsteps" into the profession. "I won't discourage her if she wants to wrestle," Sherri says, somewhat dubiously, "as long as she gets her education." (Like most women wrestlers, Sherri is a high school graduate.) "I'd just hate to see her going out and getting all the abuse I've taken." At first frightened by seeing their mother in the ring, her "kids now love it because they get special attention. When they were younger they were privileged characters because their mother was out there." The night she wrestled NWA champ "The Fabulous Moolah" for the world championship title, the hardest part of her defeat was telling her children she'd lost. She had to "just drive around for about an hour," before she could get up the nerve to do it.

The presence of her children at a match seems to reinforce Sherri's con-

fidence and sense of sportsmanship: "When my kids are there I like to be a good sport. A lot of people say, 'Well, Sherri, why didn't you do this and why didn't you do that?' And I say, 'Well, to begin with, my children were with me tonight and if I were to do something like that then they would have every right if they got into a little hassle with somebody, to come back and ask me why I wouldn't want them to do it.' So I try to set a good example for them and I think I've done a pretty good job—they're pretty good kids." Though her children have adjusted to their mother's occupation, Sherri's own mother has seen only one match, and after the first few minutes, Sherri laughs, "They had to carry her out." Her now deceased father never saw a live match, but saw her on television once in Ohio and turned off the set.

One of the biggest surprises of the whole interview came from Sherri when she discussed her family. What had looked like a blow for women's lib almost turned out to be a strike against it when Sherri said: "Actually, I think a woman's place is at home." (This, from a woman who was to flatten her opponent in a wrestling ring later that night!) "I love being a woman. I have no inclination to go out and do the things that a man does. I like being at home and taking care of the house," and almost in the same breath, "I like wrestling." I gaped openly at this living paradox, waiting for her to retract, or at least modify, her statements. But she obviously stands by what she says, and to convince us further, she continued with, "The money is good. I make a lot more money wrestling than I would pounding on a typewriter or something. But as far as going out into a man's office or politics, I think a woman's place is at home. Most of the other women wrestlers are married with families too, and they do it for the same reasons I do—money and travel."

I should have known the moment I entered that pink-walled office and saw swarthy, pot-bellied promoter Billy Golden with his modern answer-

phone, twenty-year-old typewriter, and big business desk strewn with permits, business letters, and a "Tom's" peanut can pencil holder. I should have expected a comment like "A woman's place is at home" from a woman wrestler. What could have been more predictable? I fanned myself in the heat. It must have been hotter than I thought.

Competing on the average of two to three nights a week, most female wrestlers keep in shape by wrestling regularly. "Wrestling builds you up," Sherri explains, "whereas boxing tears you down." Although there are no weight divisions in women's wrestling, Sherri stated that most of the women weigh between 145 and 165 pounds and told us that weight is not necessarily an advantage in the women's competition. The lighter the weight, the better the wind and the agility of the wrestler.

Not only is a wrestler socially estranged from her opponent, but as a rule rarely even sees her rival before a match. Sometimes, as in the case of a substitution, a wrestler may not even know who she is going to wrestle until she climbs into the ring. Opponents' dressing rooms are usually situated on opposite sides of the building, and rarely is a woman pitted against a friend or former tag-team partner.

The day of our interview was a typical working day for Sherri. She prepared for her upcoming match by visiting the hairdressers ("I try to look nice for my matches") enjoying a steak lunch, and coming into the promoter's office for any possible interviews. She must arrive at the auditorium one hour before the first match to be examined by a doctor, primarily for possible heart or blood pressure irregularities. After donning her wrestling garb in a private dressing room, she spends the time remaining before her match talking with her partners or men wrestlers, never with opponents and seldom about wrestling or about this particular night: "It's almost like your coffee break while you're waiting for your match." If she has time, she likes to talk to the fans and sign autographs before her match: "To me they [the fans] are my bread and butter. If they thought enough to pay their two dollars or

whatever, then the least I can do is go out and say hello. I feel so bad when I hear some of the others say 'Ah go on and get lost kid, you bother me.' And they do it too, I've seen them ... [but] as a rule, most of them [other wrestlers] are pretty nice. There's a few arrogant ones that are sold on themselves, who think the sun rises and sets on them and they don't owe anybody anything, but most of them are pretty nice."

While we were talking with Sherri, promoter Billy Golden seemed eager to participate in the interview. Turning our attention to him, we asked *the* big question: "Is professional wrestling fake?" Golden calmly assured us that when we see red in the ring, "It's not paint or catsup or anything like that," but real blood, because "anything can happen out there." Dressed as any self-respecting wrestling promoter would be—in attention-grabbing black and white checked pants and a black and white spotted shirt matched with a white belt and white shoes—Golden reassured us, almost too emphatically, that the era of faked and fictitious professional wrestling is one of the past. Some matches may look fake, he explained, because rookies often are pitted against veterans to prove themselves. The less experienced wrestler usually knows that he or she is beaten at the outset, lacks the control and expertise of the veteran wrestler, and thus creates a faked effect. Then too, he continued, grasping at straws, a wrestler may pretend to be hurt worse than he really is so that what looks like faking is really an attempt by the wrestler to lead his opponent into the jaws of over-confidence. This "feinting" is not exclusively for the benefit of the audience, although Golden concedes that "the average sports fan is blood thirsty ... he wants to see someone get hurt. Of course they also like the competition between the people..." The question of the authenticity of a wrestling match appears to be one frequently asked of Golden and his answers are well rehearsed. "We're not carney any more," he insists making repeated references to the law against "carney" matches contained in the *Boxing and Wrestling Rules* book adopted by the Alabama Boxing and Wrestling Commission which governs

all boxing and wrestling matches in Alabama. As he rattled off sections of the rules book he seemed to have memorized, a male wrestler in the room with us looked up from the tickets he was counting, indicated a forehead checkerboarded with scars, and boasted: "You don't get scars like this in a fake match."

Golden cited imprisonment and fines as the possible consequences of faking or fixing a match. The rules book states that anyone who participates in "any sham or collusive wrestling match or exhibition shall be deprived of any license or permit issued by this commission to such person or organization and will be barred from sponsoring or participating in any contest in this state" Since every person—from ticket taker to promoter—involved in an officially recognized match must have a license to do his thing, this threat must be deemed sufficient by the commission: the rules book makes no reference to fines or imprisonment for faked matches.

Sorry, Mr. Golden, I'm still not convinced.

Golden assured us that interest in wrestling is increasing. There are more fans and more participants, which is due in part to television coverage. His scarfaced companion insisted that he read "somewhere" that in 1973, professional wrestling drew more paying spectators than any other professional sport. Glancing at the dart board on one wall and the deer antlers on another, I smiled to myself and swallowed another grain of salt.

As the interview came to a close, we were issued complimentary ring-side tickets for the night's performance. We wished Sherri luck as we walked out the door and proceeded to kill the three hours before the match.

After a pizza, beer, and the Montgomery traffic, we were more than ready to take in a relaxing wrestling match. From watching television matches the last few weeks, we knew what to expect from the wrestlers themselves, but no television could have prepared us for the culture shock we experienced when we first set foot on the loose clay floor of Garrett Coliseum. We quickly claimed our

fourth row seats and immediately were torn between two on-going exhibitions—an in-progress tag-team wrestling match and the colorful conglomerate that had gathered to watch it. The contrast between Clark Kent and Superman paralleled that between Sherri Lee in the afternoon and Sherri Lee on the mat. It was difficult to reconcile the skin-tight bathing-suit-clad wrestler in the corner of the ring with the mother of four we had talked with earlier. Her male tag-team partner was in the ring working over an opponent. While waiting for a tag, she saw us in the audience and winked. Meanwhile the fans were putting on their own performance outside of the ring. The ten-year-olds and the eighty-year-olds alike had riveted their attention, indeed their very beings, to the dueling duo on the mat. From working clothes, white socks, and mismatched plaids emerged perspiring faces and shaking fists to curse the bad guys, praise the good guys, and scorn the blatant stupidity of the referee. When Sherri's stocky red-headed opponent delivered an illegal blow to Sherri's partner we heard one voice rise above the chaos and shout "Get outta there, you red-headed heifer." Chewing savagely on a toothpick and tugging on the suspenders that held up his gray work pants, the little man wearing a fishing hat and sitting on the edge of his front row seat redirected a second remark to Sherri and her partner: "You get that referee next time; we'll handle Red." A second later, he jumped from his chair and clapped his hands in glee when Sherri sneaked around the outside of the ring and delivered a well-aimed fist and forearm to the middle of her opponent's back. The referee, of course, was too busy inside the ring to notice this impropriety. The bell rang for the wrestlers to take a break. The little man leaped up and talked excitedly with some of his neighbors and then walked around a bit, waiting for the match to resume.

As he neared us, we asked him if he was having a good time. "I shore am," he smiled, his eyes twinkling. "When you git to be my age you have to take whatever enjoyment you can outta life." And before we could answer he spouted: "How old do you think I

am?" We guessed early sixties. With a proud glow, he whipped out a wallet from his hip pocket and displayed an I.D. card. The birth date read 1894. "I fought in World War I," he boasted, "but I'm still plenty strong." Looking at me he said: "I bet I can pick you up under one arm." Although I'm no featherweight, I had no doubt that he was every bit as strong as he thought, so I declined to make the bet. The bell shrilled, indicating that the match was about to resume. Edging toward his chair, he suddenly shouted, "Lookee here, can you do this?" He jumped in the air and clicked the heels of his thick working shoes together. "I'll bet you can't do that when you're eighty years old!" We expressed our honest awe and admiration and he returned to the edge of his seat to witness the last round of the match.

The last fall was a brief one, but before the final bell, all four wrestlers were in the ring engaged in what appeared to be a free-for-all. "Red" made a half-hearted attempt to pick Sherri up and throw her down on the mat. Our man in the fishing hat called out "You're nothin' but a dirty low-down houn' dawg." Sherri jumped back up and sent Red's head into the turnbuckle. Everyone was having a great time when the bell screamed and the referee lifted the arms of Sherri and her partner high in the air to signal victory. The match was over. Sherri disappeared into her dressing room.

After a few minutes we decided to follow her. Wading through the ten to fifteen policemen monitoring the match, we hurried backstage hoping to talk to Sherri. A policeman told us that we weren't allowed backstage and should wait outside until Sherri came out. So we waited. Ten minutes later, a pretty lady came out of the dressing room area. Again it was difficult to reconcile this Sherri with the Sherri we had just seen wrestle. She was all smiles when we asked her how she felt and she replied: "A bit sore but much better after a nice hot shower." She didn't talk much about the match she'd just wrestled; it already seemed to be a world apart from her own. Her biggest concern with the match seemed to be her appearance: "To see me up there under that hot light, who would

believe I had spent the whole day in rollers! The minute I get out there," she gestured to her hair in dismay, "it all just wilts."

After a few more minutes of friendly talk, thank you's, and best wishes, the remarkable woman was gone. Freak or phenomenon? I prefer to think the latter.



THE ECHO THAT RETURNS

The echo that returns
 is like the broken bells
 down in Monterey
 where the dusty streets
 tell lies—
 and the fat gunslinger
 from Tombstone
 let Winchester blow
 a huge hole
 in his broken eye
 and the horses were stamping
 and breathing, snorting
 looking like wild angels
 waiting for their rider,
 God,
 to return,
 but there was only
 the sound of bleeding winds
 blowing
 through the broken bells
 down in Monterey.

—Byron Woodfin



Illustration: Barbara Ball

INTO ^{the} PARK

FICTION BY PAT KELLER

Looking back, I don't know what made us do it. We weren't bad kids. We didn't go around robbing old ladies or feeding poisoned apples to little kids or anything. Like Johnny says, some of us even went to church onct or twict. What I mean is, we didn't go out that night looking for something

to do. We wasn't even cruising. We was just hanging around.

I guess maybe what really started the whole thing was Johnny—not that he had anything planned or anything. He didn't know where he was going to wind up neither—not that it would've made any difference. In fact, if Johnny

had thought of it sooner, we probably would have done it sooner. Things had been kinda quiet around for a long time. But what happened was, Johnny got a new ball bat—one of them al-u-minium kind—from somewhere and he come down with it to the corner. And that was the beginning. I guess that somewhere in the testing we took a wrong turn and wound up in the park. But what got us there was the bat. We wanted to know how much it could take. Hadn't none of us ever seen one like it before. At first we thought it might be hollow like the plastic kind, just from the looks of it.

As you know, we found out different. Right off we could tell it was solid, just by swinging it. It was short, but it was heavy. Course weight don't mean much where strength's concerned. We knew that. So we lumbered off down the block looking for a test. Johnny didn't think nothing would break it. But we didn't put no truck in progress like he did. We could all read "Little League" right on it.

So that's how it started. We tapped a little on pipes first—them iron pipes running around low places where people have basement windows—you know, sort of like tree wells in the park? We still wasn't in a hurry. We stopped and skinned a few cats and hung by our knees. Kid stuff. Then we just kept walking along, Johnny in the lead, taking turns banging on things. We couldn't even put a dent on that piece of metal. Not a scar nor nothing. That's when we come to the demolition site. We laid the wood to that bat, then. We knocked and tore 'til our arms ached. We knowed nobody'd care what we did there. And suddenly we all had bats—or boards—or what have you—and we hit until we had to rest. My arms was about to fall off. I haven't had so much exercise since. When we got thirsty, we went looking for machines, rattling our bats over the sidewalks, just to listen to 'em rattle. The drinks was across from the park.

It really is funny how people are, you know. One minute we was sitting on the curb watching the reflections bounce off the bottom of the bottles and feeling the sweat fall off into the gutter, and the next minute we had all set our bottles down and was cool, just

like we'd been refrigerated. We talked about it later and we all agreed that we all felt that way. We all cooled off real fast. We even set our bottles down at the same time. It wasn't scary, though—or if it was, none of us remember it that way. It was like an agreement that was planned beforehand. Like we all had the same idea at onct.

We never have figured out what happened after that. I mean why it turned out like it did. None of us give it a thought while it was going on. It was like a miracle; it just happened. That's why you might say that none of us feel responsible: we didn't have nothing to do with it. We just set our bottles down, picked up our timber, and crossed the street. We weren't dragging our bats anymore; we had them over our shoulders, like axes. Nobody said nothing. We just walked side by side into the park and up to the fence and then we were over it and inside. I guess there was leaves blowing and crickets chattering and the usual stuff going on outside, but all I remember was inside—everything was stone-quiet; you couldn't even hear them when they herded up and started running—kind of galloping-jumping—after they seen us. It was like magic: everything dark and still except us and them. And for a good while they was still, until they saw first one and then the other of us fanning out behind them. Then they kind of rose out of the grass and into the air like moon-colored ghosts. And suddenly they was leaping fast, charging every-which-way. And we was leaping, too; jumping up when one would come past, swinging smooth and slow at first, then short and fast as they picked up speed. They was little, but they jumped high, so we swung high. And for a few minutes we was all swinging and hardly missing—they was a lot of them and they came fast, awful fast. When they quit coming we rested a minute, then we rounded up the stragglers, the hurt ones, and we did them in. Didn't seem right not to. They was hurt bad, some of them. And I guess we reckoned they'd shoot any we left anyway; they didn't look too pretty. Anyway, morning was awhile off, and they'd be hurting.

Like I say, I don't know why we done it. We didn't plan it. And after the next day or two we got over it; kids didn't dwell on things much then. Still don't. Papers said some neurotic or nut or somebody like that must have done it. Killing fallow deer like that, things that couldn't hurt nobody. But I tell you, them that say that have never done it. They don't know what they're talking about. After we done it, we sat down for a long time. We was foaming all over from blood and sweat—it'd

splattered all over us while we was at work. That's what comes to mind best, I guess, all of us setting there in a circle, bloody and all, our bats shining dark and light in the middle, and thinking about what we done and what we seen in all them eyes. We ain't seen nothing like it since. We talked about it onct, and we decided that ain't nobody else seen it since our great-grandfathers died. We felt good about it then. Like pioneers.



SUMMER EVENING, LONG BEACH, 1958

"Everything that has happened is particles;
everything that is going to happen is waves."

Here at the edge of a continent, a city plaza:
Trees, grass, a white-painted bandstand surrounded
By city buildings, just beyond the sound of the sea.
The air stirs slowly, faintly salt, and holding
Still a trace of roses crushed
In the morning's market. Now
Converge and subside here, in a sharp
Yellowish green light, the diverse subjects
Of the summer sunset whirl.

Old ones, rustling, draw close together
On the grass, and watch
Softly mumbling, telling themselves
The certainties of memories and numbers,
Looking out for the lost.

Among them,
Brilliant whites stained by the hint of night,
Some few sailors with their cheerful girls
Inspect themselves, and square their hats,
And swiftly stare.

The aged musicians arrive in single file.
As they begin their necessary tuning,
The light deepens
a subtle shift of air
Realizes again the passages of morning

and in that moment before darkness
as the director raps sharply with his baton

The girl of summer
Passes,
Floating above the seated faces,
Blonde-white hair and green dress
Flowing through the crowd
Like the sea.

—James Allen



The Joseph M. Farley Nuclear Power Plant, near Dothan

NUCLEAR POWER DEBATE IN ALABAMA

BY DAVID CUMMINGS

"Nuclear power has amazing energy-producing potential. It is unfortunate that it was first developed as a bomb. The public is radiation conscious," says Dr. Warren Andrews, nuclear fuel engineer with Southern Services, an Alabama Power Company-affiliated consulting firm. "The insurance companies will tell you that the nuclear power industry is one of the country's safest industries."

Dr. Ken Hudson, a biologist at Auburn University in Montgomery and author of a paper published by the Alabama Conservancy, disagrees: "In view of all the facts, it is obvious that nuclear power plants present possibly the greatest threat ever known to mankind. Alabama's electrical needs do not warrant the construction of this type of power-generating facility."

These statements represent the two sides of one of the hottest debates of our time—the argument over the use of nuclear-fueled power generating facilities. Since World War II, any mention of nuclear power has reminded people of mushroom clouds over Hiroshima, but how accurately does

that picture fit the modern commercial uses of atomic energy? Like it or not, we in Alabama must decide. Four nuclear power plants are either planned, under construction, or already operating in the state. The Tennessee Valley Authority's (TVA) Brown's Ferry Plant Number One is now producing electricity near Athens. On TVA's drawing board is a plant to be located near Scottsboro. Alabama Power Company's (APCo) Joseph M. Farley Plant, being built near Dothan, is scheduled for operation in late 1975. APCo's Alan R. Barton Nuclear Plant, still in the planning stage, will be in Chilton and Elmore counties, not far from Montgomery.

The choices Alabamians have in the nuclear power debate are not always clear. Typically both friends and enemies of the nuclear alternative confuse the issue: opponents spice their arguments with scare tactics and factual errors, while the power industry often adopts an elitist "we-know-better" attitude and refuses to admit that it faces several serious problems. In the middle, the Atomic Energy

Commission (AEC) has been in the anomalous position of both promoting nuclear development and seeing that the public is protected from its hazards, although the present AEC director, Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, has put these two functions of the Commission into quite separate divisions to minimize the previously existing conflict of interest. Nevertheless, the nuclear power debate is complex; concrete information is difficult to find and to digest. But an examination of both sides concerns every electricity-using Alabama citizen.

Do Alabama's electrical needs truly warrant the construction of nuclear plants? Power industry officials claim that they face serious problems meeting the public's demands. J.H. Miller, Jr., senior vice president (operations) of APCo, says, "We have to make as much electricity as our customers want at any time. The growth rate of power requirements has been slightly more than eight per cent per year. Soon, unless we keep adding on to the system, we're going to have more demand than we have supply. The first unit of the Farley

-generating more heat than light?

nuclear plant was scheduled to begin generating early next year, but it will be late. The present facilities in the state will not be able to meet the peak demand for 1975, so we'll have to buy some power from our neighboring utilities on our heaviest days next year. We have a new plant scheduled for every year from 1977 to 1985. Each year the plant will just meet the peak demand for that year."

On the other hand, William Garner, a Scottsboro attorney and nuclear opponent, feels that the situation is not that drastic: "Last Christmas the President said 'Let's save energy,' and the people of Alabama started turning their lights off. The power company said, 'Oh, we have plenty of electricity, don't do that.' And now they say we need more plants for more energy. While the Farley plant was in the planning stage, it was discovered that they were acquiring right-of-way for transmission lines to Georgia. Maybe that's the reason the plant is on the Georgia and Florida boundaries. Besides, we have enough coal to last three or four hundred years. Why can't we use it like we have been?"

"Sure, we have lots of coal, but you have to get to it," says Mr. Miller. "Coal is harder to get today than oil was a year ago. The price of some has gone up six times in the last year. In 1975 we will be limited by law to a two-and-a-half per cent sulfur content in the coal we burn. Alabama coal is about three per cent sulfur. Possibly we can clean up our dirty coal, but we don't have a workable method yet. Clean coal from any source is expensive, but we have to pay the price. If anybody says that they have unlimited coal supplies, send him to me. We'll buy from him at a very good price."

Precious coal is the fuel used to produce 80 per cent of APCo's electricity; the rest comes from hydro and oil generation. TVA's proportions are comparable. Because cleaner coal costs more today and is harder to get than ever before, many authorities believe the only alternative is uranium—and that's radioactive.

In a coal-fueled power plant, coal is burned to produce the heat needed to boil water and produce steam. This steam is then forced to drive turbines

which in turn drive the huge generators that make electricity. In a nuclear power plant, the main difference is that the splitting of uranium atoms creates the heat to produce the steam.

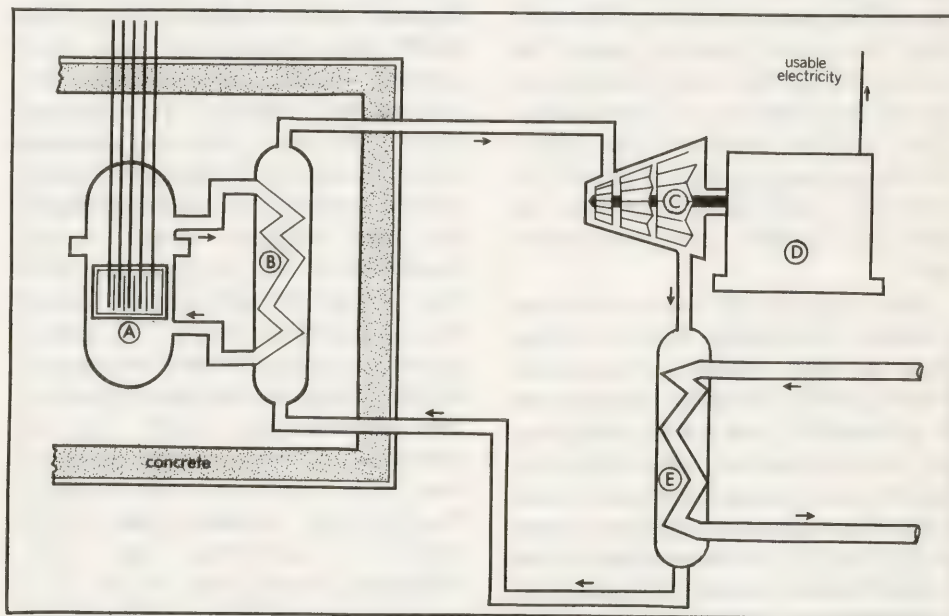
Uranium ore is mined in the southwestern United States, and it averages about .25 per cent uranium. Only .7 per cent of this is the isotope U^{235} , the form needed for a nuclear reactor. Thus, the ore must be "enriched," or concentrated before it can be used. Huge plants enrich the uranium to about two or three per cent U^{235} . The uranium is then converted to the dioxide form and fabricated into pellets. These fuel pellets, which are only slightly radioactive, are about one-half inch long. They are loaded end-to-end into twelve-foot-long Zircalloy tubes, a large number of which are then welded together to form a fuel assembly.

Several hundred of these fuel assemblies are placed into the core of the reactor in a symmetrical arrangement. The typical reactor contains 100

to 150 tons of uranium. The rods are surrounded by circulating water (the "coolant") in a sealed pressure vessel with thick steel walls. The carefully controlled fission of U^{235} atoms creates a great deal of heat, which is transferred to the coolant surrounding the rods.

What is fission? Simply put, the individual atoms of U^{235} are composed of protons, neutrons, and electrons, as are all atoms. But U^{235} is unusual in that it splits into smaller atomic nuclei and several neutrons under favorable conditions. The tiny neutrons can fly off and hit another uranium atom and make it split. The split atom releases energy and two or three more neutrons. These neutrons fly off and strike other atoms, continuing the process. An unregulated chain reaction results in an explosion, as in an A-bomb. In a reactor, the rate of the reaction is carefully controlled at a safe pace. Figure 1 shows how fission energy is converted to electricity.

One of the first problems with nuclear power plants is the prevention



- A. *Reactor Core: Fuel rods are immersed in water which serves both as coolant to remove released energy as heat and "moderator" to slow down emitted neutrons to speeds at which they can split other U^{235} nuclei.*
- B. *Heat Exchanger: Heat from the core is carried by the circulating coolant water to this area, still inside the core shielding, where it boils the water in the other set of coils, generating steam to run the turbine.*
- C. *Turbine: From here on, a nuclear power plant is like any other steam plant. The steam turns the turbine which turns the generator which produces the electric current.*
- D. *Generator: The heat from the nuclear fission reaction has been converted into the mechanical energy of the turning turbine. In the generator, the mechanical energy of the turning parts is converted into electric energy.*
- E. *Condenser: The spent steam is cooled and condensed back to liquid water for recycling through the heat exchanger and turbine.*

of thermal pollution from the very hot water coming from the condenser. If power companies return this water directly to the river or lake from which it is taken, the heated water may change the aquatic environment drastically, and kill valuable fish. Therefore, they use the same water over and over, and it must be cooled. In the usual method, the hot water is pumped to the top of huge cooling towers and allowed to fall down. Natural or forced drafts cool the water before it hits bottom by dissipating excess heat in the air. Cooling towers are either planned or in use at all of Alabama's "nukes."

The thermal waste problem is not unique to nuclear plants; coal plants also produce more heat than can be used efficiently. Nuclear plants turn out more heat because they are slightly less efficient and much greater in size than some of the older plants in the state. Will thermal pollution from nuclear power plants be a problem in the state? John Farley, manager of Research and Environmental Projects for APCo, doesn't think so: "We don't have too much concern about the towers. All that leaves them is vapor—it's not hot—just a lot of water vapor. The big effect would be just a plume of steam going downwind. Maybe on cold days you'd have some fog, but there will be little or no temperature rise."

Many people still worry about the presence of radiation from a nuclear plant in their vicinity. Opposition voices question the effects of exposure to radioactivity on plant employees and the surrounding public both during normal plant operations and in the event of accidents in the plants. Some people fear the radiation dangers that could develop if a plant suffered theft or sabotage or when the long-lived radioactive wastes are stored after the fuel is used up.

Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of radiation physics at the University of Pittsburgh, stirred up considerable controversy when he declared, "Small amounts of radiation, only some ten times the normal background dose, result in a nearly doubling of leukemia cases in children born from exposed

parents." He pointed out that the 25 per cent increase he recorded in infant deaths following nuclear tests in 1951 strongly suggests that fallout caused the increase. His study of health data in counties surrounding the Shippingport plant in Pennsylvania indicated a huge increase in cancer and leukemia deaths due to "undetected radiation leaks."

Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp, shocked at the report, appointed an eight-man panel of health and radiation experts to study the allegations. They found "no systematic evidence" that radiation from the Shippingport plant "had significant effects on public health." Many other experts since have also doubted the validity of Sternglass' data.

Ten years later, however, the nuclear power plant-cancer link surfaced once again. In 1963 the AEC asked Drs. J. Gofman and A. Tamplin, research associates at a radiation laboratory in California, to begin an independent series of studies on potential dangers that might arise from "peaceful uses of the atom." They reported, after exhaustive study, that 32,000 extra deaths per year from cancer could result from the radioactivity released from nuclear plants. The AEC, while not agreeing with Gofman and Tamplin's findings, quietly lowered the federal standards for plant radiation release to one hundredth of the previous allowable dose. Today, the AEC has established rigid standards that allow only minute doses of radiation to reach the general public during normal plant operation. The allowed total yearly dose of radiation is less than one-twentieth of one per cent of the normal "background" radiation that we all receive by just living—from rocks, television, x-rays, even the air. It is generally agreed that such a small dose would have virtually no effect on the health of a person living next door to a nuclear plant.

Scientists have made careful studies of the mathematical probability of damaging nuclear accidents. The recently released "Reactor Safety Study," commissioned by the AEC, is one authoritative assessment of accident risks that compares them with

non-nuclear risks to which our society and its individuals are already exposed.

This study quotes some amazing figures. For instance, in one year an individual's chance of being killed in an automobile accident is 1 in 4,000. His chances of drowning are 1 in 30,000. But his chances of dying in a nuclear reactor accident are 1 in 300,000,000. Compare this with his chances of being killed by lightning, which are 150 times as great!

J.F. Hogerton, former AEC information officer and author, stresses, "A bomb-like explosion is a physical impossibility in a nuclear power plant. In a bomb, essentially pure U^{235} is forcibly held together to enable a chain reaction to spread through it. Power plant reactors use very dilute U^{235} and are designed along entirely different principles."

Such information is reassuring, but critics claim there are other, more probable dangers to fear. When nuclear plants are designed, engineers must postulate the worst things that can happen. Thus, they come up with safety measures to prevent such accidents from exposing the public to excessive radiation. One of the very worst accidents conceivable—the "loss of coolant accident" (LOCA)—is a big issue in the nuclear debate. Engineers predict that it may never happen, but as long as any possibility remains, they must consider it.

A LOCA would occur in the core of the reactor which is filled with water. In a pressurized-water type reactor, this water circulates around the fuel rods and is heated to extremely high temperatures by the chain reaction going on inside the rods. It then travels to a heat exchanger, where it causes water in another closed system to boil and create steam. The first water cools off and returns to the reactor core. As long as the system remains closed, there is no problem. However, a sudden break in the reactor vessel or pipes could release the pressure on the water, causing it to boil and escape from the reactor. The fuel rods, no longer cooled by the water, would, if left unchecked, heat up, melt, and allow the fuel to fall down to the bot-

"Eighty million gallons of highly radioactive wastes are stored in giant tanks around the country. Some of these tanks are known to be leaking their poisons...."

tom of the vessel. Then it could perhaps melt down through the bottom of the vessel onto the floor of the thick containment building. The floor of the building might crack, rupture, or melt, and release the radioactive fuel out onto the bedrock, where it could seep down and spread around, causing the possible radioactive contamination of a huge land area and the local water supply. Such a combination of circumstances is highly unlikely, but the prospects aren't cheerful.

The safeguard for this slight possibility is the widely discussed Emergency Core Cooling System (ECCS). This safeguard is designed, basically, to inject water into the reactor core to keep the rods from melting in an accident. Dr. Andrews (also former director of Auburn University's Edmund C. Leach Nuclear Science Center) explains, however, that there are still problems associated with this system: "It's just not possible to calculate in minute detail exactly what would happen during such a large-scale accident." Indeed, short of inducing such an accident in a working reactor, there's no way to be certain that such a system would work. Engineers stress that they never expect the accident to happen. The reactor designers have built models of actual reactors and carried out tests, without success. According to William Garner, "The ECCS has never been successfully tested. They've had scale tests, and six failures out of six tries." That record worries a lot of people.

Could natural events trigger a nuclear disaster? Tornadoes are frequent in Alabama, and hurricanes strike our coastal regions. Could a storm damage a reactor core installation to the extent of releasing dangerous amounts of radiation? For plants built to AEC standards, the answer is no. Should anyone be so unwise as to build a reactor in a fault zone where earthquakes are likely, he would be inviting trouble. Thorough site studies would prevent such a choice of location. It is difficult to imagine carelessness of this order,

although the opponents of nuclear power remind us that it is possible. Virginia Electric and Power Company was fined \$38,000 in 1973 for 27 violations of AEC safety standards at its Surry plant near Norfolk. It was also unwittingly building another plant over an earthquake fault, without notifying the AEC of the danger.

Dr. Ed Passerini, associate professor at the University of Alabama's New College, fears what havoc human malice might wreak in nuclear plants. He cites 45 cases of sabotage "against Power Company plants" in 1966 when the Union of Electrical Workers had contract differences with APCo. He wonders what could happen if nuclear plants were sabotaged.

L. Douglas DeNike, a clinical psychologist in Los Angeles, is convinced that such plants would be vulnerable targets for crime by terrorist groups or even other countries. Local nuclear opponents echo his argument: "Nuclear power plants are the most vulnerable targets in any country that uses nuclear power. The private manufacture of atomic explosives is within the capability of many groups once they possess the requisite eleven pounds of plutonium²³⁹." Plutonium is one of the by-products created in the fission process and is both fissionable and radioactive. Its theft, either in the plant or in transit to or from facilities, is conceivable in the light of recent sensational stories of crime and sabotage.

J.D. Thornburgh, a vice-presidential assistant with APCo, doubts that such things could happen: "It would be extremely difficult to break into the plant and into the reactor to get the fissionable materials. Then, it would be difficult to live through the experience. If you wanted to steal the stuff, you'd have to have a lot of expensive, sophisticated equipment to handle it. Somebody like the SLA just doesn't have the money or manpower to bother with it. TNT's a lot easier to get."

When the possibility of theft while the materials are in transit is mentioned, industry officials retreat to the

standpoint that they will surely comply with the AEC's security requirements, and that, they feel, is the extent of their responsibility. But even the AEC acknowledges that the spread of nuclear plants will increase the likelihood of sabotage and thefts for black market bombs.

Actually, the most significant problem concerns the deadly radioactive wastes that are left when the usable U²³⁵ is exhausted. To date, there is no satisfactory means of disposing of these wastes permanently. As fission takes place, highly radioactive materials called fission products are formed. Some lose their radioactivity in seconds, others stay "hot" for thousands of years. They must remain isolated from the environment for this length of time.

The fuel rods are removed from the reactor core after one to three years of use. They are shipped in strong casks to a reprocessing plant, where they are dissolved in strong acid and where unused U²³⁵ and newly-formed plutonium are removed. The U²³⁵ is reused as a fuel, and the plutonium, created in the fission process, is used either to make bombs or for fuel in the new fast breeder reactors now being developed. Of the remaining materials, strontium⁹⁰, cesium¹³⁷ (which are both fission products), and plutonium are most dangerous because they stay highly radioactive for scores of years.

The waste solutions are then stored in huge underground tanks. Some of the older tanks are already creating problems. Dr. Joel Snow, nuclear physicist at the University of Illinois, says: "Eighty million gallons of highly radioactive wastes are stored in giant tanks around the country. Some of these tanks are known to be leaking their poisons ... a tank at Hanford, Washington, leaked 60,000 gallons into the ground before discovery. Two more have been found to be leaking. A single gallon of waste would be sufficient to threaten the health of several million people."

Dr. Andrews replies, "The Hanford situation concerns early bomb research and old, outdated storage facilities. They are considerably different from modern commercial storage facilities. We have very few problems with these."

These tanks are considered by many to be only temporary solutions, because they are not completely problem-free methods of disposal. Later, liquid wastes will be solidified to a more stable, easy-to-handle state. There is yet no long-range plan for permanent disposal of these wastes, but the AEC has promised to come up with something soon. Meanwhile, nuclear promoters look at this optimistically as just another of a long series of problems that will be overcome sooner or later.

Not so, says Mrs. Mary Burks, Executive Secretary of the Alabama Conservancy: "With the proliferation of nuclear power plants, disposal of radioactive wastes becomes a more serious problem daily. Predictions say that we may have to store 100 to 1,000 times as much of this waste by the year 2000 as we store at the present time. Questions to ask are: how are wastes to be stored, how much land will it take, and how much care will be required for these sites, and for how many years?" She feels that we have no right to force scores of future generations to care for the deadly wastes we produce just so we can be "power gluttons."

At the present time, there are no plans for long-term storage of radioactive wastes in Alabama. The power producers would have to go to the AEC for permission to do so, and the AEC is not presently considering any part of Alabama as a disposal site. But waste disposal is a problem that must be solved before nuclear power can be truly safe and practical.

If nuclear power is subject to so much controversy, are there not other energy sources that can be used to help take care of the future? Oil generators are now pretty much a thing of the past. Coal will continue to be used to a great extent, but price, quality, and other factors will prevent a great increase in reliance on coal. There are precious few usable hydro-electric dam sites in the state. So we must look

to new methods and see if they are feasible. Those most often mentioned are solar, wind, tidal, geothermal, and fusion power. Some of these obviously are limited to the narrow geographical areas in which they are available. Others, especially solar energy, are widely available, but an adequate technology for conversion to electricity and its transmission to areas of need has not yet been developed. The fusion process, a "clean" way to release nuclear energy, lies in the distant future, if it proves to be practical at all.

Dale Collins, an APCo information officer, says: "To be practical, an energy source must be technologically feasible and economically viable. So far, technology has given us only one new alternative—nuclear power. It is right now possible, economical, and clean. Those who insist that we can right now use other exotic means to generate electricity for large scale demands are simply misleading the public."

So if we in Alabama will soon be using electricity produced partly by nuclear generating stations, what risks, if any, will we face? It is hard to say. Power industry people seem to think that there will be virtually no genuine risks. Environmentalists and other

scientists think differently. Why the difference in opinion? The optimists assume that the plants will function properly, while the pessimists believe that there are too many things that could easily go wrong.

With some 46 plants now licensed to operate in the country, the record to date is very good. There have been no deaths, which is a fantastic record in light of hundreds of industrial deaths every year, and there have been no insurance claims, which is equally as reassuring. The industry is doing quite well, so far, but only time will tell if it is sound or if it is developing under a set of false illusions of safety and economy.

Low-level radiation leaks could affect public health, and the possibility of a large-scale accident is small, though present. More importantly, the waste disposal problem has yet to be solved. As the power supply alternatives are considered, each citizen should weigh both sides and decide for himself which is more important—putting up with some risks, however small, and having enough power for a while; or retreating back to the relative safety and simplicity of limited electricity use.



'I MET THE MANAGER'

I know you're about to enter this different
tower and that we are still saying goodbye
I will miss your loose-leaf notebook; yellow
pads sprawled with funny images and incoherent laughter

The subtle twangs in melody with the roving
minstrel of complicated verse; you sang
the hours away and I was not sleepy
Shyly at first, but who am I to talk
about another's shyness

I will miss those chicken salad sandwiches
and the pictures you used to bake in your kitchen
Remember? We once ate Strindberg for breakfast together
Drunk with or from creativity, your face is hard to
locate like a sweater with no hole for the head to come thru
We may still be alot alike, though we never really were,
only attracted through our differences to gain new moons
We still jump at the chance to smile

We are still saying goodbye, but only as Floyd and Sally
said goodbye, neither has vanished and the bond retains
its holding pattern for the temporarily insane

—Calvin Foster

THE Insidious Encyclopedia

BY PAYTON VAN ZANT

The following is the first article in a collection I call my Insidious Encyclopedia. Since my encyclopedia is arranged much as any other, the first entry is, of course, A.

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

This column is designed to raise the hairs on the back of the teachers' necks and to raise the students' imagination in the hopes that college will never be the same again.

As an explanation for my use of parentheses, I once decided to stop using them so much (They're habit forming you know) but to no avail. I am a hopeless case.


Well, I have dwelt long enough on an introduction and am becoming stagnant so






A, a (a)

Where's a better place to start than here?







A is the first letter of the English alphabet. Believe it or not, *a* started out in Egypt as an ox. Really! I can't figure out whether it looked like  or  but, nevertheless, it was supposed to look like an ox. This is a lot of bull but, considering ancient Egypt's weird ideas about bulls, it's not all that surprising. An especially fine bull just had to be an incarnate god. Well, from what I've heard, when a person is reincarnated


he assumes a higher or lower life form according to whether he has been good or bad before he died. I don't think a bull would be considered a higher life form. Maybe the Egyptians thought so, or maybe they knew something about the gods that they didn't write down. Come to think of it, some of the things they wrote were a little naughty. (Mythology books are full of domestic disputes, illicit love affairs, and highly ungodly actions in general.)

The Semites simplified the ox head to aleph () and used it as their first letter. The Phoenicians also called it aleph but twisted it around to look like

By the time the Greeks had adopted A, the name had changed to alpha and it didn't have the least resemblance to an ox head. It looked a lot like  or  or  or  or .

Finally, after centuries of recorded history, when nobody could read anybody else's words because of innumerable variations of the same letters and rotten penmanship, Rome conquered the world and made everybody use A or a (which is the present *a*) making everything a lot simpler.

Germany and England later brought up all the confusion again by introducing such variations such as , , and ; the Russians devised  and , which they called As; the kings used scarlet alphabets bringing up  (from Charlemagne's secret

alphabet), which didn't belong at the first of any alphabet and  (from King Alfred's secret alphabet). I won't even try to go into Morse and Braille Codes. (I must admit that all this is quite pretty, but, good grief, consider the confusion.) Today, there must be three thousand commonly used forms of A including italics, cursive, print block, and a whole passel of others. (I wouldn't have used "passel" if I could have thought of another word. My apologies!)

A is the third most frequently used letter in America, but since it is the first letter, it's pulled into thousands of abbreviations, symbols, and denotations. Anyone who has ever been to school knows the difference between A and F (I hope!).

In music, A is the sixth note in the C major scale. (You know. La!)

A is used in algebra as the first constant in a series or set. (A constant is usually a number that doesn't change, but *you* don't know what it is. Does it disappoint you?) (Nobody that really knows his math would use *b* as a first constant. It's just not the thing to do.)

Things could have been worse. If things had gone differently, the cow might have ended up being called an *a*.

Well, I will leave the A with this thought:

I've never seen a purple *a*
but how now anyway.



THE NEW - WING -

FICTION BY BARRY SHUMPERT

The Reverend Burkes stood just off the edge of the rug in a strip of light that fell from the clerestory high above. He stared with a habitually intense countenance adopted to hide his moments of mental idleness or confusion through a large square of plate glass at the park across the street. Its wildness stunned him; the old, old trees and bushes formed a single frightening mass which the rising heat played on with an undisciplined counterpoint of unreal throbs and quivers so that in his thoughtless absorption it appeared to him the way an empty, green ocean might appear to the sun-blinded and hope-evacuated eyes of a man sitting alone in a lifeboat in the middle of it.

The town was the oldest settlement in the area, and its early citizens had reserved an uncleared tract near its center for the eventual erection of a courthouse. By the time the county had been created, however, another more populous community had formed several miles away and had succeeded in becoming the county seat. The tract had stood untouched for many years until one of the town's more industrious administrations had dodged sidewalks among the tree trunks, bringing them together near the center where a domed band shell was raised on ornate columns and painted a harsh, ugly silver color. The trees, except where the band shell had been built, were allowed to grow unchecked. From the window of the minister's former office on the ground floor of the old building, the thicket had towered with menacing zeal across the narrow street. He had hoped that the

height advantage gained by moving to the second floor of the new wing would make the park seem less intimidating. He had been disappointed; if anything the view was worse than before. It was true that the trees didn't seem so towering, but more of the park was visible to him now, more chaos revealed in the wild plantings and in the sidewalks which glowed through the branches in illogical places. He could see the collapsing, gray dome of the band shell in the distance like the tilted semicircle of the hull of an overturned boat permanently fixed in the process of mounting a leafy, green swell. Burkes was not fooled by the persevering appearance of the edifice, though; he could see that it was constantly decaying without perceptibly changing, constantly sinking into the deep shade without noticeably moving.

The sound of someone repositioning

himself in a chair behind him recalled Burkes to his present situation. He realized that the conversation which he had long since ceased listening to had itself stopped some moments ago, and that he was apparently expected to reply. Instinctively maintaining his thoughtful expression, he angled his head around and glimpsed the nearer part of the row of waiting faces beside him before they turned with an embarrassed irregularity to the striped pattern of the rug or to one of the modern religious wood-cuts on the opposite wall. One old man, whose bald head was sunburnt and peeling, sat with his elbows on his knees looking intently at a gray felt hat which he rotated by inching slowly around the brim with his thumbs and forefingers.

The minister turned, crossed the room to his desk, and stood leaning with his palms on the chrome bands that projected a little on either side of

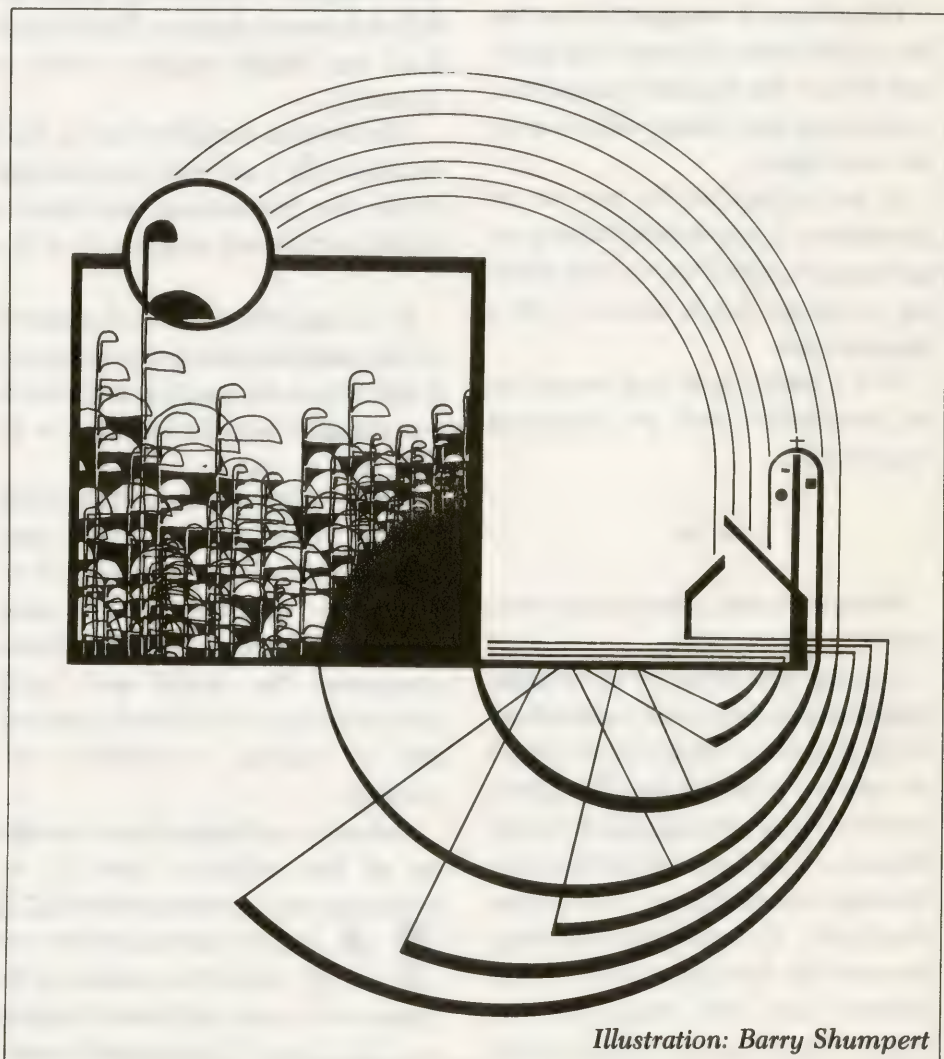


Illustration: Barry Shumpert

the padded leather back of his chair. He looked at the three rows of seated men lining the walls of the conference area at the other end of the room and knew that they were confused by his falsely thoughtful expression. He knew too that it would make them feel obligated to reinforce their reasons for wanting to dismiss him. He would listen this time. Meanwhile he watched them, noticing with invisible displeasure their ill-at-ease manner in the neatness of the new office and conference room. Some of the men sat quietly and erectly in their chrome and taut leather chairs, apparently nonplussed by the visual economy and tidiness of the place; others lounged sullenly and heavily as if they thought they could mentally increase their weight enough to collapse the light, tubular furniture. Only one man, Mr. Neil Randlin, a recently retired banker and the president of the official board, seemed unaffected by the surroundings; he was as commanding and business-like here as he was in his dark panelled office or in his wife's miscellaneous antiques living room. He sat in front of one of the large square windows so that to Burkes, who was standing, he appeared as a relaxed, bulging silhouette against the yellowish-gray glare of the street. The minister could not make out the details of the man's clothing, nor did he see any movement in the face when, at length, the man ended the silence.

"We paid over a hundred thousand dollars for this new wing," he said, "but blamed if I can see where we got our money's worth. And then you take the family and set out on a three-week pleasure jaunt all through Florida. Shoot, George! What do you expect us to think? What do you take us for? Fools?"

A few of the men who had looked down at the floor when the banker began to speak—apparently to better concentrate on what was being said—now raised their heads a little and watched the minister's set, angular face from under the arcs of their eyebrows.

"Neil," Burkes replied in the same simplistically logical and slightly exasperated tone that he often used even

in his sermons (like that of a young mother telling her child for the third time in the day that no, Jesus could not come to his picnic), "The building funds are in your bank and I've told you that if you'll check the records and receipts that you'll find that everything adds up and that there's no money missing. And didn't the board vote that since I was going to Miami to the church convention I could take the family with me? We hadn't had a vacation in the three years since we've been here; we hadn't had time to take one; there was too much to be done here. You'll have to admit that the church has made a lot of progress."

"I have looked at the records, George," said the banker, "and all I'll have to admit is that we've spent a lot of money and don't have much to show for it."

"Well you, of all people, should know how high construction costs are now, and besides—"

"Durned right, I know. And I know that the thing that was supposed to have cost so much about this new building wasn't construction; it was frills. Like those gray rocks in the entry that had to be laid by those special masons from Jackson, and the walls had to be done by the most expensive plasterers. Gentlemen, the furniture in this room alone is supposed to have cost over fifteen hundred dollars! And that's not counting those pictures of square people or those loud rugs. If I hadn't been in the hospital in Tupelo, you'd never got away with it."

"Of course I bought the best furniture," the Reverend Burkes continued in his condescendingly reasonable voice, addressing the board members rather than the banker. "Look at the old church; it has the best, the most beautifully crafted furnishings of its day. I thought you'd surely want the same for the new wing. This furniture is expensive; it's the best. It will be here long after you and I are dead and gone."

"Well, Preacher," said Mr. Randlin, seeming to direct his shaded gaze at Burkes, "speaking for myself, the doctor tells me not to expect to live too much longer anyhow, and it seems that you're likely to be leaving pretty soon

yourself." He paused, then added in the form of an afterthought, "However, considering the reception these chairs and pictures have been getting from the wives, it may still be a tight race."

Burkes looked sharply at the banker, but the glare of the pavement in the background was so bright that he could not distinguish the features in the dark circle of the face. He imagined that he saw a glint of light from the man's teeth. Whether this betokened a challenging, horse-trading grin or a contemptuous scowl he could not decide. He was unwilling to risk a reply, so, again appearing to become thoughtful, he crossed to the window and looked through it at the shimmering confusion of the park. Some of the other men began to speak now. Their words supported their chairman's position, but their tone was less cruel—almost apologetic, in fact. Burkes guessed that while the banker's tirade had emboldened them, it had also embarrassed them a little. He listened until satisfied that, as he had expected, they would tell him nothing new nor provide him with any means for the continuation of his defense. It was almost as if Randlin's taunt were still ringing through the tall volume of the room, bouncing in progressively weakening echoes from its large, hard surfaces.

Though Burkes was familiar with the course that the conversation had taken, he did not know what to do about it. He couldn't blame the men; the banker's domination of them was so complete that they were almost unaware of it and could not be swayed by the simplest and most obviously logical arguments against it. When he had arrived to become the minister of the church, he had quickly discovered that the chairman of the official board jealously controlled the mentality of the congregation and the town, and that no change could be effected that ran contrary to his freely given opinions. The new minister had gone to the trouble of learning as much as he could about his rival without seeming disrespectful, thinking that by understanding him he could devise a method to dispel his influence. He had

found that Randlin was not rich by birth, but had, by marrying the daughter of a moderately wealthy merchant of the town, gained control of enough money to be the principal motivator in the creation of a new bank. His policy of quick foreclosure had proved so successful among the struggling dirt farmers of the area that not even the Depression had been able to close his business. In fact he had made his most significant advances during that period and had emerged from it owning a large percentage of the county's farm land, much of the town's most valuable commercial property, and the unshakable fear and awe of the populace. Not even his retirement after suffering his second coronary almost a year ago had noticeably lessened the townspeople's habitual subservience to his opinions.

The minister's absorbed gaze, punctuated by an occasional nod or a movement of his hands, gave the impression that he was carefully weighing the charges and plotting some reply. He shifted his eyes from the trees and let them rest unfocused on a random point of the Sunday-emptied street below him. The heat waves rose from the pavement like the tide. A glimmering intensification of the glare attracted his attention and, glancing automatically in that direction, he watched as two bicycles approached each other and rolled to a stop in front of the church. On one sat a girl of about fifteen whom Burkes did not know; on the other, a newer and shinier model, sat one of the young members of the congregation—a boy who, if the minister remembered correctly, was fourteen and much better behaved than his friends. The boy rolled his bicycle back and forth nervously as he talked to the girl so that his front tire bumped and rebumped hers. The sun glinted off the polished spokes and rims of the cycle, describing little, random arcs that stood out even against the glare of the pavement.

Burkes, fearing that his secret observance constituted an intrusion, faced into the room and stood contemplating the building while the conversation continued around him. He admired

the sharply defined surfaces of the walls and the stark and careful groupings of the bright prints hanging on their white smoothness. The interior wall particularly impressed him; it angled abruptly about six feet above the floor, becoming the ceiling, and rushed up to the narrow clerestory above. The sunlight thus let in was reflected in rectangular patches that moved across the floor with imperceptible speed in the course of a day playing light games with the furniture. The new wing had been Burkes' only victory over the banker. Most of the decisions regarding it had been made while his adversary was ill, isolated by his doctor's prohibition of business matters. The minister had cajoled and manipulated the board members into continuing with the project—they wanted to postpone it until their chairman's recovery—hoping to teach them that the banker's guidance was not necessary for the successful completion of the addition. When the new wing had opened, the congregation was confused by its modernity and aloofness, and the banker, who by this time had returned to his normal, active life, had easily converted this confusion into hostility.

As he stood by the window Burkes sensed a slight change in his own attitude toward the building. He was already beginning to regard it with a certain wistfulness; it was already becoming a memory; he had already given in to the hostile desires of the banker. He would not have been surprised to learn that Randlin's only reason for recuperating had been to return and banish the only man who had ever threatened his power.

Without bothering to wait for a pause in the board's discussion, the minister began to speak, shifting his gaze from one to another of the faces. "We all know what's going on here," he said, "whether we want to admit it or not. We all know that whatever I might be guilty of that I didn't embezzle church funds, and I didn't waste your money on pleasure trips. We all know why you must do this; you know it, I know it, and God knows it. There's nothing else I can do for you; there's no way that I can continue to be your

minister after this." He turned and faced the window once more.

"You better believe there's no way—" began the banker's voice from the row of men beside him.

"Then let's adjourn this meeting so you can all go home and watch the rest of the ballgame," retorted the minister in a louder voice than any of the men had ever heard him use. He did not look around or listen as they left. He stared absently through the window until he noticed the two bicycles standing on the sidewalk at the edge of the park. Looking further into the wilderness he saw their owners sitting just close enough together to be identifiable as a couple. They talked excitedly and moved with awkward and self-conscious motions. He watched as the boy contrived, by leaning forward with his weight balanced on one hand, to bring his face very near to the girl's. He apparently lost his courage at the last instant, though, and his lips passed by without touching her.

The minister looked immediately into the shimmering tops of the trees, his face blazing in embarrassment for the child's timidity. He recalled driving down to Jackson in the spring for the state conference meeting with the crisp, satisfied thought of the just-finished building resting in his mind, and the cool wind blowing through the car's open windows and vents. He had taken the Trace; its almost boring wildness had seemed strange but friendly to him then—a welcome change from the dusty little town. The sunlight had fallen through the windshield onto his lap warming him there and reminding him that he was still a relatively young man, still capable of using the force of his life to produce some good, to promote some order. That day seemed far away and false now. He knew that there was nothing left for him to do but to go home and break the news to his wife and son before someone else did. But that would have to come later; now he could only stand staring at the incomprehensible mass of foliage that rose menacingly before him.



A LOOK AT THE TOP TEN BEST SELLERS ON AMERICAN COLLEGE CAMPUSES

BY EVELYN ELWELL

If we could look into every dorm room at every college in the country, and list the non-required books each student had bought that year, we could probably draw some rather accurate conclusions about how students think and feel. The results of such a survey would be more accurate than any Gallup poll; the students have put their money where their mouths are. They have bought the book—and whether they read it or not, whether they agree with it or think it foolish, they have clearly indicated their interest, and have contributed to the book's success.

The Chronicle of Higher Education, a journal for college administrators, has compiled information from college bookstores on various campuses throughout the country and has published a list of "Top Ten on Campus," the best selling paperback and hard cover books unrelated to course work. (Auburn University is not among the schools polled; no school in Alabama is included.) It should be noted that this list is somewhat arbitrary. It includes only those books that students buy at college bookstores—books bought at other possibly more specialized bookstores, or at religious shops, drugstores, or porno shops are not included. It also includes books bought by faculty

THE TEN TOP BEST SELLERS ON AMERICAN COLLEGE CAMPUSES

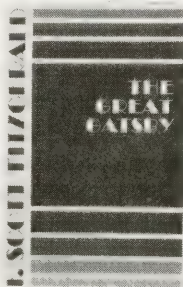
from *The Chronicle of Higher Education* (May 28, 1974)

listed in order of popularity

1. *The Joy of Sex* by Alex Comfort
2. *The Exorcist* by William P. Blatty
3. *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald
4. *Our Bodies, Our Selves* by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective
5. *Breakfast of Champions* by Kurt Vonnegut
6. *Watership Down* by Richard Adams
7. *August 1914* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
8. *I'm OK, You're OK* by Thomas Harris
9. *Chariots of the Gods* by Erich von Däniken
10. *Serpico* by Peter Maas

members, floor sweepers, and secretaries if they buy them at the college bookstore. Traditional college bookstores generally carry a rather limited selection of general interest books. Often those that they do carry are obviously the books publishing companies are pushing the hardest. The little cardboard box display cases at check-out counters are the tell-tale sign of a Big Advertising Campaign, and are either the result or (more likely) the cause of best-sellerhood.

In considering the books actually on the best seller list at colleges, however, I seem to detect at work a force more powerful than any direct advertising campaign. The motion picture and television industry is clearly responsible for the popularity of at least four of the books on the list: *The Exorcist*, *The Great Gatsby*, *Chariots of the Gods*, and *Serpico*. The popularity of *August 1914* by Solzhenitsyn also seems media-induced, though less directly.

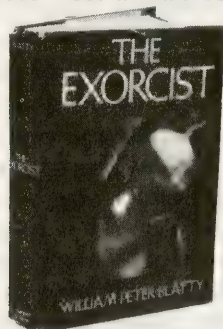


The presence on the list of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* is

perhaps the biggest surprise of all (not to say the greatest fluke). *Gatsby* is fifty years old. It is academically respectable and appears on required reading lists. It is no longer "contemporary literature"—it has become part of "the modern movement" or "American lit since World War I." It is a period piece on its way to becoming an antique. Yet it has been revived and promoted into a best-seller. Students who read it are reading it in a new way—they have one eye on a visual representation of what they're reading. They read the book to clarify or intensify the movie, or to check the faithfulness of the movie, or to re-live the effect of the movie. Or possibly even to be able to join in conversations about the movie even though they missed it when it was in town. The total experience of movie and book is something quite different from the experience Fitzgerald intended to create, though it has its own validity and interest.

The Exorcist is on the list for the same reason—in response to the movie. Of course, *The Exorcist* was a best seller in its own right just a few years ago. It was published in 1971 and created a sensation then. But that was three years ago, and interest in Blatty's sordid story would surely have died down by now had it not been for the movie version. I have not seen the film because I prefer not to contribute to the support of moral imbeciles like

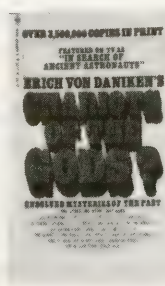
Blatty. But if public reaction is any indication, the film is much more effective than the book. I've heard of no one who was made sick or driven to lunacy by the written version, and the reason is not hard to find. Blatty is so incompetent as a writer that he can create no real effect. It seems that he intends for his book to provide some insight into the nature of evil. Why else would he provide us, on a page between the dedication page ("in loving memory of my parents") and the prologue, with a description of a man being tortured with electric shocks by the Costa Nostra, a report by Dr. Tom Dooley of atrocities committed by Communists against Christians in Southeast Asia, the words "Dachau", "Auschwitz", and "Buchenwald", and a passage from the gospel of Luke in which Jesus frees a man from a devil?



So because of his high aim, Blatty writes in what must seem to him like an impressive and poetic style. On the first page we listen to the thoughts of an archaeologist after a dig as he runs through his finds: "Nothing exceptional. An Assyrian ivory toilet box. And man. The bones of man. The brittle remnants of cosmic torment that once made him wonder if matter was Lucifer upward groping back to his God." Indeed! And this is no momentary lapse, or slow start. Open the book anywhere, and you will find the same pretentious writing, vainly grasping for meaning to fill the flowing words: "Cupped in the warm, green hollow of the campus, Damien Karras jogged alone around an oval, loamy track in khaki shorts and a cotton T-shirt drenched with the cling of healing sweat." "He chased certainties like leaves in a knifing wind." Not just any old wind, note.

But the trite and trying pomposity of the style would be only an annoyance

were it not for the vulgarity and lack of redeeming social value in the book as a whole. Blatty, rather than revealing evil, seems to revel in it. One cannot help but wonder about the perceptiveness of a man who should confront his readers with so much ugliness in order to impress upon them the truth that the devil is very evil. Most of us already knew that.

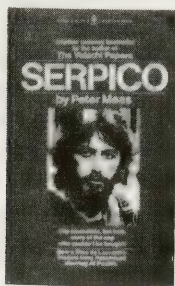


Erich von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods* is the sort of book that carries advertisement for itself on the cover—a sure sign of quality literature. "Over 3,500,000 copies in print!" "Featured on TV as 'In Search of Ancient Astronauts.'" The cover design, however, is by far the least of this book's problems. While pleading for scientific respectability and a chance to be heard, von Däniken effectively destroys the likelihood of either by the mere fact of his pleading. The book is thrown out as a dare: "It took courage to write this book, and it will take courage to read it." The book bristles and sulks, it flings out streams of rhetorical questions and defies any sane man to say nay. "Is it conceivable that we world citizens of the twentieth century are not the only living beings of our kind in the cosmos?" Somehow von Däniken has gotten the notion that if he asks a question which, by its form, calls for a positive response, he can then use this tacit answer as a major premise in drawing other conclusions. This is his mode of reasoning throughout: "How many stars [out of 10^{14}] have an atmosphere suitable for life? One in a thousand? That would still leave the incredible figure of 10^{11} stars with the prerequisites for life." Yes, if one in a thousand did in fact have an atmosphere suitable for life, but there is not a shred of evidence offered here that even one in 10^{14} actually does have an atmosphere

suitable for life. It's hard to imagine how von Däniken is able to compute the probability of a thing, the cause of which is unknown, the existence of which is only a guess, and the nature of which is indeterminate. He says himself on the very next page that "the assumption that life can exist and develop only on a planet like earth is untenable." This seems, at first glance to make his calculations seem more plausible. But in reality it puts him into the realm of total fantasy, calculating the likelihood of the appearance of who-knows-what in an environment having goodness-only-knows what characteristics, somewhere in the incalculable reaches of time and space. We are quickly pulled back, however, from this realm of uncertainty and mystery, and in one fortuitous leap, are presented with the supposition that creatures that exist in this probable environment could come to earth and fertilize a "few specially selected women." If this simple event were to happen, "a new race would arise that skipped a stage in natural evolution." Von Däniken has apparently convinced himself that something of precisely this sort did in fact happen. And if anyone is able to overlook the logical leapfrog game that must be played in order to arrive at the author's major premise, he is apt to be impressed by the suppositions that follow. If space travelers did visit the earth, then it's possible that primitive people mistook them for gods. One wonders, of course, where these ancient brutes got a conception of God to associate with the spacemen. But in the rash of "evidence" that von Däniken presents, such momentary concerns fade into insignificance. We cannot understand each other, but we can certainly understand men who lived thousands and thousands of years ago and left no written records better than they understood themselves.

Serpico by Peter Maas also proudly wears the Hollywood Seal of Approval: "Now a Dino de Laurentis Picture from Paramount starring Al Pacino." And just in case you happen to be fussy about the books you read, the cover informs you that *Serpico* is "Another runaway bestseller by the author of *The Valachi Papers*." If it

were not for the statement on the cover that this is the "incredible, but true story" of a New York City cop, I would not believe it is non-fiction. The book reads like a very bad novel. It is written from the point of an omniscient third



person narrator. It is impossible not to wonder how the author can know so much about Serpico—he is able to report his every thought, feeling, fleeting sensation and movement, past and present. The book is of course written in the clever inch worm pattern so beloved by writers of popular action narratives; begin with an exciting scene, fall back and creep up to this point in the story, then jump ahead again, creep on up, *ad nauseum*. Peter Maas seems to have gone to the William Peter Blatty school of style and good taste. I like nothing better than to read a description of the feeling of a bullet in the face: "The blood was beginning to cake on his face. Before, lying on the floor after he had been shot, he had seen it spurting past his eyes, actually a geyser of blood spattering against a filthy wall inches away. He could still feel his mouth full of blood, as well as the sinus cavities around his nose." Other, more graphic passages follow but I cannot bear to re-read them. They are, of course, probably quite accurate descriptions of such a shooting, and perhaps they would not have bothered me so much had my teeth not already been set on edge and my nerves rubbed raw by the author's mishandling of the English language. Serpico is said to drink "sparingly." One of his girl friends (he has many) is "a somewhat tense, twenty-six-year-old, blonde, hundred dollar call girl with stupendous breasts." In his bedroom is "a bubbling glass case filled with tropical fish." (I can hardly keep myself from whisper-

ing to the author "Aquarium: Those glass cases are called aquariums!")

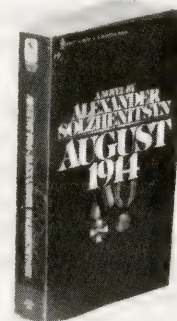
Even more disconcerting, however, is Serpico himself. The author presents him as the patron saint of all honest policemen. I, however, cannot help being concerned about St. Serpico's sanity. Maas describes Serpico's childhood obsession with cops in respectful tones: "... he could recall, as a kid shining shoes in his father's shop on Sunday morning after church, seeing the enormous ruddy-faced, white-gloved figure in blue, whom even his father treated with great deference, looming over him in the chair, his revolver bulging under his coat; the cop never gave him a tip, but in the proximity of such power it never occurred to Serpico to expect one."

Age and maturity only serve to heighten Serpico's feelings. After his discharge from the Army, he enrolls in Brooklyn College and searches out cops who are studying there: "He became friendly with a young cop he met in one of his classes, and on several occasions they double-dated. He would watch with envy as the cop simply flashed his shield instead of paying whenever they got on a bus, or if they went to the movies the way they were promptly ushered into the theater. Once, sitting around having coffee at a girl's house, Serpico asked him if he could look at his shield. He managed to slip in another room with it, and he held it up to his chest and posed in front of a mirror, experiencing a new sense of identity, thrilling to it."

A Freudian could have a field day! Yet somehow we are expected to believe that this same man is an infinitely charming, interesting, virtuous, with-it man, who happens also to be a cop. Maybe so. But I don't quite believe it.

The popularity of Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* is most likely a direct result of Solzhenitsyn's importance as a political figure. His books are bought primarily out of curiosity rather than a real burning interest in pre-Revolutionary Russia. Because his books are written in a manner similar to that of the great Russian novels of the past, they are rather imposing. I am willing to bet that not one person in fif-

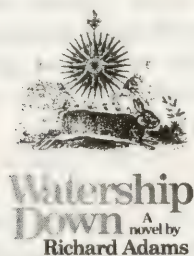
ty who buys *August 1914* actually reads it to the end—and I must admit that I am among the forty-nine. Like most of those who bought the book, I read the note "About the Author" which describes the circumstances surrounding his writing of all his books. And I read the "Foreword," the "Translator's Note," and the "Publisher's Note." And I studied the map of "The Battle Area of Tannersberg: August 1914." And I studied the two full page diagrams of the command structure and order of battle of the Russian Army in August 1914, as well as the full page diagram of the command structure of the German Army in East Prussia, August 1914. And I read through the ten page "Alphabetical List of Characters," paying particular attention to the warnings that both historical personages and fictional characters appear in this book, and that every Russian has at least three names, probably more since "Russians make frequent use of several affectionate diminutive forms of a person's first name."



Somehow all that preliminary material sapped my strength, and I resigned myself to remaining forever in the great mass of people who say, "Yes, I'm reading Solzhenitsyn," but never "Yes, I've read that." And I might add that I feel sure that *August 1914* is the best book on the list, and I wonder what it is that impels me to read all the trashy books and skip the one that might be worthwhile....

Richard Adams' *Watership Down* is a real curiosity. It is a best-seller, but I have been able to find no one who has ever heard of it. I've asked freshman comp. classes and graduate students in English—not a glimmer of recognition. The book is available only in hardcover (\$6.95) and maybe when it comes out in paperback it will become

more familiar. It's hard to understand how it can already be a best seller, though.



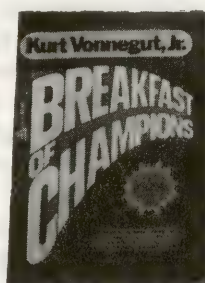
Watership Down is about rabbits. There is something very misleading about the title—I would have guessed that it was a spy thriller or war story. But it is, in fact, a novel about talking rabbits. And unlike most talking animal stories, it is written for adults, and is as realistic as it is possible to be about rabbits, given that they talk. Adams has done a great deal of study on the way rabbits live, and has attempted—quite successfully—to see life from a rabbit's point of view. His rabbits do not talk in cutesy-poo, but he seems to have a little trouble at first, sensing just how a rabbit ought to talk. There is some stiffness: “‘Let’s go a bit further, Hazel,’ he said. ‘You know, there’s something queer about the warren this evening, although I can’t tell exactly what it is. Shall we go down to the brook?’” But Adams’ rabbits talk more convincingly (and more intelligently) than Peter Maas’ human beings.

Watership Down will appeal to people who were fascinated by *The Hobbit*. Adams has the same interest in language that Tolkien had, and provides us with a “lapine glossary” to clarify the meaning of rabbit words that defy translation. Some rabbit concepts, of course, are different from human concepts, and so there can be no exact equivalent. “Hlessi,” for instance, is defined as “A rabbit living above ground, without a regular hole or warren. A wandering rabbit, living in the open. (Plural, hlessil.)” I might mention that some clever linguist ought to investigate the fondness that English speakers have for the letter “h” before a consonant when they create “unknown tongues.” Adams’ lapine

language shows marked similarities to the extra-terrestrial language created by C.S. Lewis for the “hnaus” in his space trilogy. (The use of a final “l” to indicate plurality is also very popular.)

Adams’ book has all the trappings of a very serious academic book—literary headnotes, a glossary, and frequent footnotes to clarify his “rendering” of rabbit words into English. For instance, he provides a note at one point, when Bigwig says “vagabonds like us,” in which he carefully explains that “Bigwig’s word was hlessil, which I have rendered in various places in the story as wanderers, scratches, vagabonds.”

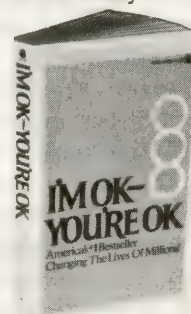
Games like this could be a real trial, but Adams is an extremely competent story teller, and he manages to rise above his own handicaps to write an entertaining (if not, perhaps, compelling) story about social life in the rabbit world. It’s a warm and comfortable book.



Kurt Vonnegut’s *Breakfast of Champions* is anything but warm and comfortable. The book is something of an embarrassment, it is so puerile. After reading it, I felt like I had wandered into the boys’ room at a junior high. It is sad when a fifty-year-old man thinks it extremely telling to inform us that he is fifty years old and still a child: “I am programmed at fifty to perform childish—to insult ‘The Star Spangled Banner,’ to scrawl pictures of a Nazi flag, an asshole and a lot of other things with a felt-tipped pen.” And he then proceeds to do just that for the next several hundred pages. The fact that he knows how tired his story is in no way excuses Vonnegut. The entire book feels trumped up—Vonnegut’s main theme is his actual inability to write the story he’s trying to write. I would not be surprised to learn

that he had been in some way commissioned or otherwise forced to come across with a novel, and wrote it by sheer force of will. His own boredom with what he’s doing shines out from every page.

The story itself is not especially boring or ill-conceived. But Vonnegut’s reliance on such gimmicks as writing himself into the story as author of the story, talking about what he makes the other characters do, is certainly the book’s weakest point. He uses catch phrases such as “And so on” at the end of segments, and then tells his reader that he can’t help saying “And so on” because he doesn’t feel like any story ever ends. How sorry!

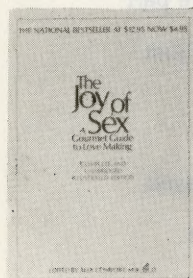


I’m OK, You’re OK by Dr. Thomas Harris, M.D. came as a pleasant surprise to me. Having a somewhat innate contempt for most psychological self-improvement books, I approached this latest addition to the genre with trepidation. The title seems to indicate that a certain lack of subtlety and depth is to be expected. Dr. Harris is actually, however, a man of great intelligence and ability, and his theories are quite notable for subtlety and sensitivity. His basic premise, that everything we ever perceive is permanently recorded in our mind, is well supported by reports of neurological experiments. Harris is not a scientific determinist, however; he feels that a mature person is able to arrive at an understanding of his earliest “transactions” (or units of behavior and feeling) and is able to see these childhood memories for what they are and move on to a more reasonable comprehension of life. His idea that there is within each of us the CHILD, the PARENT, and the ADULT seems to be a valid and useful theory.

Harris’ chapter on “P.A.C. and

Moral Values" (P.A.C. is shorthand for the PARENT, ADULT, CHILD system he has organized) is especially interesting and insightful. He raises serious questions about the notion that "psychological scientists" may not make value judgments: "What they overlook is the fact that the scientific method itself is totally dependent on a moral value—the trustworthiness of the reporters of scientific observation. Why does a scientist tell the truth? Because he can prove in a laboratory that he should?"

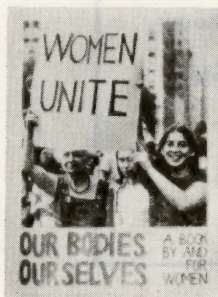
This kind of clear-sighted logic and lucid exposition makes *I'm OK, You're OK* worthwhile reading whether Harris' particular conclusions are valid or not.



I find it difficult to know what to say about a book like *The Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Love Making*. The book is filled with vivid pencil sketches; the language is graphic and honest, as are the sketches. There is some moralizing of a sort—"This book is about love as well as sex as the title implies: you don't get high-quality sex on any other basis—either you love each other before you come to want it, or, if you happen to get it, you love each other because of it, or both." And throughout the book, the authors say "lovers" rather than the usual "partners." But the primary moral injunction seems to be "if it feels good do it." The book is certainly much "sexier" than a book like *Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, for instance.

The arrangement of the book seems arbitrary—two general sections entitled "On Advanced Love-making" and "The Art of Making Love," are followed by sections called "Starters," "Main Courses," "Sauces and Pickles" and finally "Problems." The gourmet

gimmick of the title is only vaguely carried out. Under each of the headings, topics are arranged in alphabetical order. Very un-gourmet-like, to my mind. There is nothing in this book that will surprise readers of past best-sellers about sex (*The Sensuous Man/Woman* or *Everything...*) and this book is less vulgar and more sensitive and sensible than earlier attempts at frankness. It is probably the least objectionable sex manual ever published from an aesthetic and common-sense point of view. What can I say? "If you like sex, you'll love Joy!"



Our Bodies, Ourselves by The Boston Women's Health Book Collective attempts to cover every facet of female health and sexuality, from menopause to lesbianism. It is written by a large group of women whose real

purpose was to find out information for themselves, rather than depending on hearsay and old wives' tales. The feminist bias is very strong throughout—heterosexual women talking about their relationships with their husbands sound almost apologetic. The lesbians, on the other hand, are quite open and earnest about the "normality" of their love. I found the chapters on pregnancy and childbirth extremely informative; in fact, the entire book is useful and interesting, though it would be more so if less time were spent on personal reminiscences and diatribes. The book is actually a "consciousness-raising" group in print, and has the good and bad points of a liberation meeting.

These ten books, then, are what college students are reading. What may we conclude? It is no real surprise to find that students are influenced by movies, by television, by sex. They are curious about the history of the planet, or a new view of the universe. In fact, maybe the only real conclusion that can be drawn about college students is (as Gwendolyn Brooks found about the people in Little Rock in 1957) "They're like people everywhere."



LAMENT FOR THE FATHER

You regret the dying away of one breath,

but the sigh upon air sends aeons crashing.

One rose perishing is the doom of the ineffable name.

The specks of dust that travel the light

drift rudderless upon the void of this death.

The fore-herald comet leans to utter the fateful words:

"The thrice-greatest one has entered the silence of his dream."

And chartless, the stars plunge forward forever

on a journey beyond despair,

in the wake of exploded genesis.

—Carl Dockery

SOFT SHE SITS

Soft she sits,
and still.
Feeling the stagnant, stifling sound
of solitude
Pervade her waiting senses.

Waiting,
for It to come and sweep her off her feet.
Waiting,
for It to pour hot juices in her veins.
Waiting,
for It to write her name upon the world.
Waiting,
for It.

While the laughing wind sends dust into the air,
A summer sun pours passion into youth.
A sea gull wings his name across the clouds,
Soft she sits,
and waits.

—Pam Spencer

PURE YOUTH RUN

You dash through suburbia
No less holy than they
Who praise a settled death,
Righteous in their numbers.

Pure heart do not stare too long at that death.
Its idol is the lust of all lusts,
There is no love in Babylon,
Only splendid shining death.

Innovating ceremony is broken into less and less.
Every man is but a shadow
With a soul hidden in numb fear,
Wishing to freeze his heart in gold.

Rage through that land,
Lined, sectioned and divided,
For veins of urbania
Will grow to swallow themselves.

Dance the dance of life
In praise of the dying sun.
Rattle the bones, shake the brains,
Let your hysteria show them wandering fools.

Yet pure heart, step lightly
Move quickly into the night.
Do not stare too long at pity,
Nor pride, or the thoughts of wise men.

—Percy Jones

ELECTRIC

Welcome, it's a stranger.
New life.
The world is all the same,
There is just so much more of it.

I've been waiting for you
in childhood fantasies.
I've been looking for you
everywhere,
But, you've been elusive
like a dream.
Now, you've brought me up suddenly
I'm caught short of breath,
And I don't know if I can stand it.

I don't know if you are part
of all I see,
Or if what I see is all just
a part of you.

We fell in together
like autumn leaves,
One afternoon we played,
And soon blew away
In our scattered ways.
We came together,
We went apart.

I came from here
it's not far from where you are,
And tonight I'm thinking
of the sun and my hands
in your yellow hair.

I rode my bicycle in the country
yesterday,
I picked orange and red leaves,
But the wind took them to the ground,
And I held an empty skeleton.

I rode into the graveyard
And lay me down
My face in the sky,
The loudspeakers from the football stadium
broke my silence.

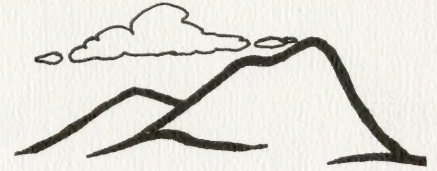
I rode by your house
and I'm gonna come up and see you
some day soon
I'm gonna come up and laugh and cry
At your front door.

Fall is becoming winter every day,
And still I can't get over your
Magic eyes haunting me, taunting me,
Exhausting me, for one long afternoon.

—K.C. Pallos

Jack mountain

AN OPEN LETTER TO JAN



I know that my roving habits and intermittent absences from the Plains bewilder and frustrate nice, rational, efficient people like you, Jan Cooper, our new *Circle* editor. And I am aware that you have begun to consider me either an ageing prodigal reveling among distant swine or a bewildered Don Quixote in quest of antique windmills long since turned to ashes and dust. Poor dear Jan, you are but one in a long line of lovely people whom I have confused without ever having had the slightest intention of offending. 'Tis a pity that the dictates of my nature result in such a multiplicity of misapprehension, but thus it has been, and thus it seems likely to be until the still hour comes and the shadows fall.

Unable and undesirous of promising some miraculous change in a pattern of

conduct long established and in a character that stubbornly refuses to yield one inch to the Skinner school, I can only offer as scant amends an explanation, hoping thereby to appease you, dear Jan, and perhaps in the process to suggest the principles that afford the only liberation worth my seeking:

When I wander unannounced from the precincts of Samford Hall and Ross Square, I go not like that errant Roden upon some misguided, well-intended mission to set the fallen world aright. Instead, I move under an instinct-borne compulsion to the site of my nativity where the Tennessee winds downward through the towering Cumberlands to a sea never filled. And there, dear Jan, I remain in solitude,

because I must, until my psyche attains full rapport with its own past and then begins reaching back and back through the traditions of our civilization until it contacts the Preacher of Jerusalem. After that I emerge soothed and sustained, prepared to assume the burdens that duty and conscience lay upon me in a world that sacrifices its sacred, healing past upon the altar of progress and expediency.

At the moment, these may seem to you but wild and whirling words "full of sound and fury," but with the perspective of time, you and your bright young colleagues may, I believe, find that they signify something more than nothing.



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